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PRESENT STATE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

In one of the last year's numbers of a foreign journal, *La Bibliothèque Universelle*, we have met with a view of the present state of English Literature, which on the whole gives a pretty impartial review of our literature for the last twenty years, and names many of our most distinguished writers in the different departments of learning.

The author is of opinion that the English manners, particularly the exclusion of the women from general society, prevents the literati from adding to their solid learning a refined and delicate taste. Every requisite for this was found in the highest possible degree in Paris before the revolution. The English, who rivaled the French in the sciences, found them the only school in which they could modify and soften the peculiarities arising from their character, their manners, their insular situation, their independence, and their favorite recreations, play, and the table.

The English having been cut off during a twenty years' war from all communication with the civilized world, except such as arose from increasing commerce and great military operations, the natural consequence was, that the richer classes having no more any opportunity of neutralising their habits in a foreign country, the national defects took deeper root, and the literary productions which depend on the imagination, and one of whose chief merits is to harmonise with the tone of society, savour more and more of their native soil. The observations of the author respecting the state of society and manners in England seem to us to be more applicable to things as they were five and twenty years ago, than as they are now. The article concludes in the following manner:

"If we must lament that certain exaggerated opinions gain ground in England, of which Methodism is a proof, the generous sacrifices of some societies which are animated with an ardent zeal to extend what is good, must on the other hand afford the more lively satisfaction. It cannot be denied that gold is the idol of this people, that their luxury and vanity are without bounds, that the higher classes set the example of immorality, and in general that one finds

in England all the vices which are perhaps inseparable from excess of refinement. But on the other hand we may add to our consolation, that there is no country where the virtues which tend to alleviate natural evils, and the sufferings of society, are so general, and practised with such judicious activity.

"While political fanaticism and war deluged Europe with blood, the English were improving all the means of alleviating the sufferings of their fellow creatures, and spreading among them the knowledge of the truth. Thus they improved upon the principles of Howard, the management of the hospitals and prisons; they acquainted Europe with the discovery of the immortal Jenner; they abolished the slave-trade, and introduced civilization into Africa; they established societies for the relief of foreigners in distress; they spread the light of knowledge over distant countries, by making them acquainted with our sacred writings; they discovered, and taught to the rest of the world, that simplified and easy method of elementary instruction, the object of which is to raise to the dignity of man millions of individuals whom fortune has condemned to ignorance. In general, a universal spirit of beneficence, respect for misfortune, emulation in works of charity, predominated among this same people, whose spirit was exalted by the sense of its independence and its strength, which had made itself master of the commerce of the world, and of the sovereignty of the seas. It seems that England, while it was destined to unite the rest of Europe in a common exertion of its strength, and to give to the enemy of social order the last decisive blow, was selected by heaven for the noble vocation of preserving the sacred flame of virtue, and the example of those tender relations which beneficence establishes among mankind."

BELFAST ACADEMICAL INSTITUTION.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Sir,—You express yourself with a praiseworthy liberality on the subject of education. The promptness of my address to you sufficiently indicates my entire confidence in your declarations; and I now proceed to give you a sketch of the rise, progress, and present state of the Belfast Academical Institution.

Belfast, for many years past, has had a clas-

sical school, which was set on foot by subscription: but the town having latterly increased in wealth and population with a rapidity not to be often paralleled in the old world, the established school was found unequal to the increased demand for instruction. The idea of setting on foot another School to meet the increasing demand occurred to a spirited and intelligent individual. He consulted with some friends on the propriety of the measure: it was approved of, and a resolution made to solicit subscriptions for the purpose. Subscriptions were solicited: the inhabitants met the applications with a laudable promptitude; and, within two or three days, the sum of 3000*l.* was subscribed. The solicitors thus encouraged proceeded with alacrity, and within a very short time the subscriptions amounted to a sum far exceeding any expectation, that had been originally formed. The subscription list closed with above 16,000*l.*

The first object had been a school only; but when subscriptions flowed in so readily, the views of the collectors extended with the growing spirit of the contributors, and a plan of education was given to the public, embracing an extensive and complete school course with the proposed addition of several professorships in different departments of science.

In the year 1810 the plan was enlarged and matured, and the subscribers incorporated by act of parliament. By this act the subscribers, or proprietors, forming a corporate body, are empowered "to establish and maintain an Academical Institution in the town of Belfast, for affording to youth a classical and mercantile education, and for teaching Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Logic, Metaphysics, Belles Lettres, Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, Botany, Agriculture, and other branches of science. The act also erects two boards, one of managers for the economical, and one of visitors for the literary departments in the Institution. Under their care plans for the necessary buildings were procured. The plan since carried into effect was the gift of, I believe, the ingenious and intelligent Mr. Soane, the Architect. The buildings proceeded with rapidity, and in November 1813, matters were in such a state of forwardness, that the boards met and elected masters to superintend the schools of the establishment, and appointed the first day of February, 1814, for the commencement of their important operations. On that memorable day accordingly the doors of the Institution were thrown open and pupils eagerly thronged to fill its rolls.

A plan so important and so extensive could not have been so far conducted without experiencing some of that opposition, which uniformly awaits all attempts however laudable. A number of objections were made to it on the ground, that such an establishment was not at all required: that it could not continue for any time, particularly in the classical department, as Belfast could not supply a sufficient number of pupils. It was said, that the classi-

¹ The Belfast Academical Institution being designed for the encouragement and instruction of native genius, in the first instance; we put a question, with perfect liberality, to our *Irish Correspondent*, was there no competent native Architect in Ireland?

cal school, which has existed in Belfast for many years, had been found sufficient for the demand; and as a sufficient number of pupils for both schools could not be found, a competition would arise, which would necessarily introduce a total relaxation of wholesome discipline, as each master would be anxious to recommend himself to his pupils by an injurious indulgence. The assertion, that pupils could not be had, has been abundantly contradicted by fact. Within a very few weeks after the opening of the Institution nearly 300 pupils were enrolled in the books of the different schools, of which the classical school had a large share. The Institution is now going on to the fifth year of its course: like every other establishment it has felt the pressure of the times, and the schools are not so numerously attended, as they have been: yet even now the books contain about 300 names of pupils actually in attendance. The things stated above, on the effects to be expected from competition, and put forward as an argument, might rather appear as a misrepresentation on my part: but, I assure you, it has actually appeared in print, and been advanced with much confidence and some acrimony by the opponents of the Institution. It should not have been mentioned, so silly is it, but that it contributes to shew the merits of a plan, against which its interested and active adversaries could fetch no stronger objections.

The establishment consists of two parts; one comprising the schools, the other, professorships in different branches of literature and science in a collegiate form.

In the school-department, English, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography with the Use of the Globes, Mathematics, and the Classics, are taught in separate schools. There are also masters on the establishment for French, Drawing, Dancing, and other accomplishments. The buildings are very extensive and capacious, affording accommodation for day-boys and boarders; the situation healthful, airy and commodious, with good play-grounds, uniting the advantages of vicinity to a flourishing town and the retirement of the country. Arithmetic and Mathematics are taught to the verge of the usual school course; I may say, farther; for pupils are instructed in the higher branches of Mathematics both practical and theoretical; which are seldom taught in schools. The Mathematical professor also teaches Geography and a popular course of Astronomy with the Use of the Globes. In the classical school, Latin and Greek are taught on the plan of the higher English schools, with strict attention to composition in those languages, and to their prosody. The extensive course of Latin and Greek appointed to be read, for instance, in Dublin College, forms the regular course of the school, together with select parts from Livy, Tacitus, Demosthenes, Euripides, and Aristophanes. Composition forms an important part in the course of education taught in the Institution. The pupil is thereby compelled to put in requisition all his powers and acquirements; and by this exercise acquires power of language and a habit of attention and accuracy in his business. The classical master presides in the classical school; the Mathematical professor teaches Mathematics, Arithmetic, and Geography; the English master conducts the English department; and the Writing master rules in his own department. The schools afford a regular gradation of instruction. From the most elementary part the pupil may be conducted to the completion of his school course under the same roof, with mas-

ters, to whom he becomes attached by long acquaintance, and with school-fellows, who become endeared to him by various attractive associations. The continuity of instruction is thus maintained unbroken, and the irksomeness of laborious study is lightened by this affiliation of pursuits.

In the Institution each master has the entire management of his own school, and enjoys exclusively the fruits of his own industry and ability. The advantage expected to arise from this is a vigorous and animated exertion in the teachers, from which the pupils must be benefited. The large school-establishments in England and Ireland are in general so appointed, that some one department of instruction obtains a decided precedence, while the others are comparatively neglected. This may happen without any ground to charge the master with wilful neglect. The subordinate departments in such establishments are seldom conducted with spirit, because a stimulus of sufficient power is not applied. The principal conscientiously discharges his duty; but he may be bound up by the constitution of his appointment. His under-masters and assistants may be, and we know, frequently are, limited to a certain stipend; and as exertion in this case is sure of no reward, no great effort can be expected. The contrary principle is recognised in the constitution of the Institution, and corresponding results may reasonably be expected.

From an establishment, formed of a chain of schools, vigorously acting each for itself, and all in hearty co-operation a further and most important advantage is looked for. You have, I doubt not, met with persons skilled in all the niceties of classic learning, and utterly unacquainted with any thing else; who could perhaps contribute to a variorum edition of a classic, and not be able to sum up their wash-woman's account. You are aware, Sir, I am sure, how injurious this learned ignorance is not only in the ordinary business of life, but in the future pursuits of science. Without a knowledge of arithmetic it is not possible to pass on profitably to mathematics: without mathematics in vain will the student seek to climb the eminences of Natural Philosophy—in vain without these sister-sciences shall he hope to distinguish himself as a statistic, or financier in the councils of his country. Yet these important departments of science are entirely omitted, or at the best, neglected, in the great schools of these countries. I beg it may not be supposed that I would impute any blame to the respected masters of those establishments, which have sent forth so many scholars an honour to their instructors, and an ornament to their country. On the contrary, I consider the masters of the great endowed schools in England and Ireland as men of the highest respectability. The defects of the Institutions, over which they preside, originate not with them: the schools were originally founded for the promotion of classical literature; the pupils sent to those schools are supposed to be previously instructed in other branches of education; and the masters cannot depart from their chartered course. A lad under their instruction will become an excellent classical scholar; but now something more than mere classical knowledge is requisite to fit the youth for the business of life—even that class of youth, which may be destined exclusively for a learned profession. To obviate this great deficiency, or error in the great schools, is one object of the plan, on which the Institution is founded; and it is intended, that the pupil, versed in classic literature, shall be sent to the

University qualified to contend for honorable distinction in science also; and into the world, qualified by practical knowledge, to enter on the highest contests and councils of life.

Here I shall close for this time: I have perhaps trespassed too far on your indulgence; most certainly farther, than I had intended. Another letter shall close the subject. In it I shall detail the plan of the collegiate department, &c. &c. I am, Sir, your's truly, &c.
June 18th, 1817.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

MACBETH AND KING RICHARD THE THIRD; *An Essay, in answer to remarks on some of the Characters of SHAKESPEARE.* By J. P. KEMBLE.

The publication of this essay in the week, when the author took his farewell of the stage, and his eminent rank as an actor, have rendered it an object of much attention. The ingenious *Mr. Whately*, in his remarks, had anxiously, and as we conceive without any thing like just grounds, endeavoured to establish a notion of superior bravery in Richard III. and of inferior courage, or rather of cowardice, in *Macbeth*. Strange as this opinion may appear to those who judge of Shakspeare by his own writings, it has found a supporter in *Mr. Steevens*. Undoubtedly if we were, in any case, inclined to surrender the evidence of our senses; and the express meaning of the text, to other authority, we should have been inclined to adopt the supposition of these commentators. *Mr. W.* not only overlooked and rejected Shakspeare's express statements of *Macbeth's* heroic valour, but he has overlooked in the drama, the details of Richard's selfish and inhuman disposition from his boyhood up to that violent death, which befell him as the punishment of his crimes. He has divided and sub-divided the ordinary meaning of words in daily use, until he has given them a novel or a doubtful, and, in some instances, an opposite, interpretation. Of the courage of the two usurpers he thus expresses himself—"In *Richard* it is *intrepidity*, and in *Macbeth* no more than *resolution*: in him (*Macbeth*) it proceeds from exertion not from nature; in enterprise he betrays a degree of fear, though he is able, when occasion requires, to stifle or subdue it."

—We are afraid that some plain unlearned readers, who have been accustomed, like us, to consider courage a source or cause of exertion or enterprise, and not a result proceeding from exertion, will be tempted to smile at these grave absurdities. But into what absurdity will not the rage for annotation betray a sagacious admirer of our great dramatic poet? There is a key to Shakspeare.

speare, which Mr. W. unluckily mislaid at the moment of writing these opinions. This key is a knowledge of human nature. If Mr. W. had looked into his own heart, he would have known that *insensibility* of danger is not courage; that true courage consists in a due sense of danger and the being able, like Macbeth, when occasion requires, to stifle and subdue that sense, and to proceed with our purpose. In substance Mr. W. informs the world that Macbeth's resolution proceeds from *exertion*; and yet in *enterprise*, which is only another name for exertion, he betrays fear; so that according to this distinguished authority, his courage and his fear proceed from the *same cause*. But to make amends for this, when occasion requires,—that is, when in exertion or enterprise, he is able to stifle or subdue his fear!—Really, really Messieurs Whately and Steevens, your opponent Mr. Kemble has let you off upon these fooleries, with as much good nature and dignity, as if he justly feared to forfeit a portion of his own estimation by condescending to notice them.

The following extract will shew that Mr. Kemble has completely refuted Mr. W.'s comparative view of Richard and Macbeth.

The appeal for judgment on the quality of the courage of Macbeth, does not depend, as questions of criticism often necessarily must, on conjecture and inference; it addresses itself directly to the plain meaning of every passage where Shakspeare touches on this subject. The shortness of the time allotted for the performance of a play, usually makes it impracticable to allow the principal personages space sufficient for their unfolding themselves gradually before the spectator; it is, therefore, a necessary and beautiful artifice with dramatic writers, by an impressive description of their heroes, to bring us in great measure acquainted with them, before they are visibly engaged in action on the stage; where without this previous delineation, their proceedings might often appear confused, and sometimes perhaps be unintelligible. We are bound, then, to look on the introductory portrait which our author has drawn of Macbeth, as the true resemblance of him; for the mind may not picture to itself a person of the poet's arbitrary invention, under any features, but those by which that invention has thought fit to identify him—Here is the portrait:—

Serg. The merciless Macdonwald

..... from the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name),

Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,

Carved out his passage, till he fac'd the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Why does Shakspeare appoint Macbeth to the noble hazard of meeting the fierce Macdonwald in single opposition, hand to hand? Why does he call him brave, and emphatically insist on his deserving that name? Why does he grace him with the title of Valour's Minion; and presently—styling him Bellona's bridegroom,—deem him worthy to be matched even with the Goddess of War? Could the poet thus labour the description of his hero, and not design to impress a full idea of the loftiness of his intrepidity? Macbeth's great heart pants to meet the barbarous leader of the rebels: his brandish'd steel, reeking with intermediate slaughter, has hewn out a passage to him; and he maintains the combat, till the death of his antagonist crowns his persevering valour with a glorious victory.

Macbeth, it is asserted in the *Remarks*, has *resolution, not intrepidity*. What is the soldier's intrepidity, but a disdain of fortune? or in less figurative words, what, but that perfect scorn of danger which Glamis so eminently displays, whenever fit occasions call him into it? Further, it is objected, though with some restriction, that in Macbeth, courage proceeds from *exertion, not from nature*; and that in enterprise he betrays a *degree of fear*.—Let us revert to Shakspeare:

Serg. No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,

But the Norwegian Lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dunc. Dismay'd not this
Our Captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Serg. Yes,
As sparrows, eagles, or the hare, the lion.

Here the Thane of Rosse arrives post from the battle, and completes the fainting sergeant's unfinished narrative:

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The Thane of Cawdor, gan a dismal conflict:
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish'd spirit: and to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Is it, then, to *betray fear in enterprise*—already worn with the toils, and weakened by the losses of a hard-fought, well-won field—to rush, at disadvantage, on fresh and frightful numbers, with unconcern like that which eagles and lions might be conceived to shew, if opposed to hares and sparrows? While Macbeth thus dedicates himself to the face of peril does his behaviour indicate reluctance? Does it betray the result of effort and exertion? No; it is the impulse of a dauntless temper, that hurries the bridegroom of Bellona through the dismal conflict again to confront the enemy, and hold him point to point, till his resistless arm has curbed the over-confident presumption of the royal invader of his country, and raised, on his dis-

comfiture, the trophies of a second, and more brilliant, triumph.

We agree in Mr. Kemble's general view of Macbeth's valour and humanity before his *fall*. Upon this, not only there can be no doubt, but there must be much surprise at the erroneous view which Mr. Whately has taken of the subject. Mr. Kemble has showed, that in assigning *intrepidity* to Richard, as a commendable or superior quality, in contradistinction from the *resolution* of Macbeth, Mr. W. erred with his eyes open, against the spirit and text of Shakspeare, and the palpable mode in which Richard had committed his atrocities. Through the whole drama, he is exhibited as a being of early and habitual malevolence. Deep craft, hypocrisy, inordinate ambition, and a hatred of his fellow-creatures occasioned by his personal deformity, are the basis of his character. Upon this, his sanguinary contempt for all the ties and duties of Son, Brother, Husband and Christian, are founded. The evil disposition exists in him, before the occasions occur, which call it into action. His *intrepidity*, if by that word Mr. W. means, in its usual sense, *courage in personal encounter*, is not visible, until the battle of Bosworth, where he only faced a danger, from which he could not escape without abandoning his crown and kingdom, and attempting a precarious flight, as an outlaw and exile, beyond seas. Is this, in a thing of kneaded treason and murder, in "the bloody and devouring Boar," Richard, a commendable quality, or a quality to be admired? The field was his desperate resource from an approaching danger; and he only went out to meet that evil on the day of battle, which must have overtaken him in a more formidable shape on the morrow. A movement like this, accompanied in its progress by doubts, suspicions, cold sweats and dreaming terrors of ghosts and goblins, is any thing but courage or intrepidity. The true character of a coward is complex; it unites a dread of danger and death with an eagerness in oppressing and spilling the blood of others, and a desperate determination or fury in the last extremity.

"Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Delight in mercy and to save."

If cruelty be a proof of cowardice, Richard is a coward. If to delight in mercy, be an attribute of bravery, where shall we find a bravery in Richard?—In the commission of a succession of murders, he certainly manifests an unappeasable eagerness, and fixed cruelty; but surely this dark and remorseless perseverance in sanguinary purposes, is unworthy the

name of courage. In the defeat and death of Richard a moral is held up to men of his own stamp, that there is a punishment for similar crimes even in this world. In the example of Macbeth, the virtuous are instructed that, by yielding to unlawful ambition, the best and bravest nature may sink to the lowest degree of guilt and meet the most tremendous punishment.

As so many reviews are written under the influence of personal favor or party motives, we are happy to have it in our power to shew by a reference to our former opinions, that we have here given an unbiased approbation of Mr. Kemble's general reasoning. Our remarks in the *Literary Gazette* of the 22nd of February last, on the difference between the character of Richard and Macbeth, will be found to correspond in their prominent points, with the observations of this gentleman. Of this the following extracts from our essay, will be sufficient proofs: "Through all Gloucester's fine-spun hypocrisy, the settled bloodiness of his mind breaks into a cruel and scoffing alacrity, when gratifying his appetite for blood: The murders of Prince Edward and King Henry are accompanied by circumstances of atrocious inhumanity. The mode in which he worked up his brother, king Edward, on his death-bed to put his brother Clarence to death was rendered more detestable by his protestations of love and pity to the latter; who tells his assassins."

"He bewept my fortune,
And hugged me in his arms and swore with sobs,
That he would labor my delivery."

Our readers will also find in the *Literary Gazette* of February 22, that we noticed in the deaths of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan, Buckingham, and Hastings, a horrid bloodthirstiness and "an equal movement of the appetites for murder and feasting." "Shakspeare has drawn the mind of the sanguinary usurper, the dark counterpart of his deformed body. His shrewd insight into human nature does not extend beyond a knowledge of its weaknesses and evil propensities, and is employed in wading through an indiscriminate slaughter of King, Prince, Nobles, and Gentry, without sparing age or sex among his own nearest kindred. He is destitute of a single good quality, unless a relentless hardihood in the perpetration of crimes and a desperate ferocity in risking his life to defend his ill-got crown, can be considered virtues. With all its intermixture of treason and jesting, murder, feasting and merriment, this, in its class, is certainly one of our immortal poet's

most studied and powerfully marked characters." In opposition to this last we gave this brief opinion of *Macbeth*—"We may notice an exception in Macbeth, who was *not naturally bad or cruel*. Ambition, joined to what he deemed the supernatural excitements of the Weird sisters and the remorseless goadings of his aspiring consort, proved the temptations, which first led him to step from the path of loyalty and justice into treason and midnight murder. His murders are not committed upon his own kindred, and his worst guilt is followed by some compunctious visitings of nature." These few extracts shew that four months prior to the appearance of Mr. Kemble's essay, our opinions of Macbeth's superior character before his fall, generally agree with the observations of that gentleman. W. C.

HARRINGTON: a Tale. ORMOND; a Tale. By MARIA EDGEWORTH.

We have read these volumes with uncommon delight and interest; nor do we think they yield the palm to any of Miss Edgeworth's other productions. They seem to have been written with peculiar care, the plots are not too much spun out, and the characters and incidents are all subservient to the main story, which is so nicely constructed, that even the most trivial circumstance, and apparently the most useless, is made conducive to the final developement of the catastrophe.

These remarks apply to the first tale in particular, which, we confess, is our favorite, and a sketch of which we shall proceed to give.

Harrington, the hero, tells his own story. He begins with his childhood. When he was about six years old, the maid who attended him, was accustomed to terrify him into obedience, by means of an old Jew who used frequently to pass by the house, and whom she represented as a child-eater. Young Harrington, being naturally nervous, was so possessed with dread, that he lost both health and spirits, and moreover, imbibed a superstitious hatred of Jews. This hatred, as he grew up to manhood, his father, who was a politician, contributed to cherish.

At school he formed a party against a travelling Jew who used to sell his wares to the young gentlemen; but in consequence of the cruel conduct of another boy, the young Lord Mowbray, to this Jew, nature burst through prejudice, he befriended the Jew, and in due time, by a common process of the human mind, lost all his former antipathy to the race.

His college life passed, and he was confirmed in his liberal sentiments, by a friendship which he had formed there. One night he had accompanied the Mowbrays to the theatre, where Macklin performed *Shylock*. A large party was in the next box, and a young lady, the daughter of a Jew, having been much shocked at the play, was taken ill. Harrington assisted her, and thus commenced an acquaintance. He now began to think of marrying her, but his father threatened to disinherit him; for though she was an heiress, she was a Jewess. He applied for advice to his friend Lord Mowbray, who had himself, it seems, a secret wish to win her affections, and who taunted and ridiculed Harrington's passion, asserting that he himself could have won her, had he chosen, till Harrington, piqued at his vanity, permitted him to win her, if he could. Accordingly the rivals commence operations, and an admirable account of Mowbray's stratagems succeeds. However, he fails in obtaining the affections of Berenice, and shortly after, Harrington proposes. Her father who has a high regard for him, informs him that an obstacle, which he cannot name, must prevent an union, and Harrington in vain endeavours to develop the nature of it.

Fowler, the woman who had formerly been Harrington's attendant, and had inspired him with a terror of Jews, was now living with the Mowbrays, and Jacob, the Jew whose cause Harrington had espoused at school, was apprenticed to a jeweller. Lord Mowbray's mother missed an invaluable ring in the jeweller's shop, and accused Jacob of having purloined it. He applied to Harrington, who in the end discovered that Fowler had pledged it at a pawnbroker's. Fowler, now on the point of ruin, falls on her knees, and discloses to Harrington a plot formed by Lord Mowbray against him, in order to prevent his marriage with Berenice. She and an apothecary contrived to acquaint the father of Berenice that Harrington had, from his childhood, been subject to fits of insanity, and it was the father's belief in this fabrication, which induced him to withhold his assent to the marriage. Lord Mowbray too, at this critical juncture had been wounded in a duel, and on his death-bed, confessed the conspiracy. Harrington's father becomes reconciled to Jews in consequence of the assistance he received from Berenice's father, at a moment when the failure of a bank had nearly undone him. All parties, therefore, are reconciled. It appears that Berenice is not a Jewess, as her father had married a Pro-

testant, and as she was educated in her mother's persuasion. No further difficulty remains, and Harrington receives the hand of his mistress.

It will add to the interest of this entertaining tale to know, that it was written in consequence of a letter which Miss Edgeworth received from an American Jewess, complaining of the illiberality with which the Jewish nation had been treated in some of her former works.

We now proceed to make some extracts.

The scene where his father strengthens his juvenile antipathy towards Jews is well described.

There was at this time, during a recess of Parliament, some intention among the London merchants to send addresses to Government in favour of the Jews; and addresses were to be procured from the country. The country members, and among them, of course, my father, were written to; but he was furiously against the *naturalization*: he considered all who were for it as enemies to England; and, I believe, to religion. He ran down to the country to take the sense of his constituents, or to impress them with his sense of the business. Previous to some intended country meeting; there were, I remember, various dinners of constituents at my father's, and attempts after dinner over a bottle of wine, to convince them that they were, or ought to be of my father's opinion, and that they had better all join him in the toast of "*The Jews are down, and keep 'em down.*"

A subject apparently less likely to interest a child of my age, than this Act of Parliament about the naturalization of the Jews, could hardly be imagined, but from my peculiar associations it did attract my attention. I was curious to know what my father and all the gentlemen were saying about the Jews at these dinners, from which my mother and the ladies were excluded. I was eager to claim my privilege of marching into the dining-room after dinner, and taking my stand beside my father's elbow; and then I would gradually edge myself on, till I got possession of half his chair, and established a place for my elbow on the table. I remember one day sitting for an hour together, turning from one person to another as each spoke, incapable of comprehending their arguments, but fully understanding the vehemence of their tones, and sympathising in the varying expression of passion; and as to the rest, quite satisfied with making out which speaker was for, and which against, the Jews.

All those who were against the Jews, I considered as my father's friends; all those who were for the Jews, I called by a common misnomer, or metonymy of the passions, my father's enemies; because my father was their enemy. The feeling of party spirit, which is caught by children as quickly as it is revealed by men, now combined to strengthen still more, and to exasperate my early prepossessions.

Astonished by the attention with which I

had this day listened to all that seemed so unlikely to interest a boy of my age, my father, with a smile and a wink, and a side nod of his head, not meant, I suppose, for me to see, but which I noticed the more, pointed me out to the company, by whom it was unanimously agreed that my attention was a proof of uncommon abilities, and an early decided taste for public business. Young Lord Mowbray, a boy some years older than myself, a gawky school-boy, was present; and had, during this long hour after dinner, manifested sundry symptoms of impatience, and made many vain efforts to get me out of the room. After cracking his nuts and his nut-shells, and thrice cracking the cracked, after suppressing the thick coming yawns that at last could no longer be suppressed, he had risen, writhed, stretched, and had fairly taken himself out of the room. And now he just peeped in, to see if he could tempt me forth to play.

"No, no," cried my father, "you'll not get Harrington, I'm afraid, he is too deep here in politics—but, however, Harrington, my dear boy, 'tis not the thing for your young companion—go off and play with Mowbray—but stay, first, since you've been one of us so long, what have we been talking of?"

"The Jews, to be sure, Papa."

"Right," cried my father—"and what about them, my dear?"

"Whether they ought to be let live in England, or any where?"

"Right again, that is right in the main," cried my father, "though that is a larger view of the subject than we took."

"And what reasons did you hear?" said a gentleman in company.

"Reasons!" interrupted my father,—"Oh Sir, to call upon the boy for all the reasons he has heard,—but you'll not pose him—Speak out, speak up, Harrington, my boy."

"I've nothing to say about reasoning, Sir."

"No; that was not a fair question," said my father—"but, my boy, you know on which side you are, don't you?"

"To be sure, on your side, father."

"That's right—bravo!—To know on which side one is, is one great point in life."

"And I can tell on which side every one here is." Then going round the table, I touched the shoulder of each of the company, saying, "*A Jew*,"—"No *Jew*," and bursts of applause ensued.—p. 35, &c.

The following account of Lord Mowbray's attacks on the heart of Berenice deserve insertion.

Lord Chesterfield's style of conversation, and that of any of the people in Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, could not be more different, or less compatible, than the simplicity of Miss Montenero, and the wit of Lord Mowbray.

I never saw a man of wit so puzzled and provoked as he was by a character of genuine simplicity. He was as much out of his element with such a character, as any of the French lovers in Marmontel's tales would be tête-à-tête with a Roman or a Grecian matron—as much at a loss as one of the fine gentlemen in Congreve's plays might find himself, if condemned to hold parley with one of the heroines of Sophocles or of Euripides.

Lord Mowbray, a perfect Proteus when he wished to please, changed his manner successively from that of the sentimental lover to that of the polite gallant, and accomplished man of the world; and when this did not succeed, he had recourse to philosophy, reason, and benevolence.

No hint, which cunning and address could improve to his purpose, was lost upon Mowbray. Mrs. Coates had warned me that Miss Montenero was *touchy on the Jewish chapter*, and his lordship was aware it was as the champion of the Jews, that I had first been favourably represented by Jacob, and favourably received by Mr. Montenero.—Soon Lord Mowbray appeared to be deeply interested, and deeply read in every thing that had been written in their favour.

He rummaged over *Tovey and Ockley*; and *Priestley's letters to the Jews*, and *The Letters of certain Jews to M. de Voltaire*, were books which he now continually quoted in conversation.

With great address he wondered that he had never happened to meet with them till lately; and confessed, that he believed he never should have thought of reading them, but that really the subject had of late become so interesting.

Of Voltaire's illiberal attacks upon the Jews, and of the King of Prussia's intolerance towards them, he could never express sufficient detestation, nor could he ever sufficiently extol Cumberland's "*Benevolent Jew*," or Lessing's "*Nathan the Wise*." Quotations from one or the other were continually in readiness, uttered with all the air of a man so deeply impressed with certain sentiments, that they involuntarily burst from him on every occasion. This I could also perceive to be in imitation of what he had seen *succeed* with me; and I was not a little flattered by observing, that Berenice was unconsciously pleased if not caught by the counterfeit. The affectation was skillfully managed with a dash of his own manner, through the whole preserving an air of nature and consistency—so that he had all the appearance of a person whose understanding, naturally liberal, had, on one particular subject, been suddenly warmed and exalted by the passion of love.

The counterfeit was so exquisite, that notwithstanding my confidence in her father's penetration, and in her talent of discerning what was natural and what was affected, I dreaded lest they should both be imposed upon.

It has often been said, that liars have need of good memories. Mowbray had really an excellent memory, but yet it was not sufficient for all his occasions.

He contradicted himself sometimes without perceiving it, but not without its being perceived. Intent upon one point, he laboured that admirably, but he sometimes forgot that any thing could be seen beyond that point—he forgot the bearings and connexions. He never forgot his liberality about the Jews, and about every thing relative to Hebrew ground; but on other questions, in which he thought Mr. Montenero and his daughter had no concern, his

party spirit and his want of toleration for other sects broke out. p. 323, &c.

We find we must defer our Review of "Ormond" till our next number.

PARIS, IN 1815, A POEM.

It has been justly observed, that English poetry has, within these few years, changed its characteristics. From the laborious pomp of Johnson, and the polished epigram of Pope, down to the affected sentiment of the Hayley and Della Cruscan school, all has been cleared away, and the ground filled up with a "building of immortal verse," that restoring us to the natural and vigorous tastes of the English mind, promises to live as long as nature in its vigour has power beyond feeble and quaint affectation. All our tastes had hitherto been imported. Our admiration had been solicited to faded copies of French and Italian design. The sickly and artificial forms of feeling in those artificial countries had been erected as standards for the stature and proportion of English genius, and the highest praise of the poet twenty years since was to have left no line unpainted by personal satire, pedantic conceit, or fashionable allusion. We had learned grimace from its regular professors, and a Court dress was indispensable for the poetry which desired to be received among the wise or the wealthy, the fair and the polite, the accomplished distributors of praise, and the potent wielders of patronage. Where the inspiration was administered by drawing rooms, excellence must be graduated by the connexion of the poet with high life; the *boudoir* was thus the Parnassus. In this arrangement the multitude were excluded. The infinite and splendid resources of poetic feeling open through the outer range of society, general, rich, and powerful as the sunlight and the air, were condemned in the eagerness to force a meagre and exotic luxury in the narrow confine of art and ceremonial that struts in upper life, and poetry was rapidly degenerating into the state where its most illustrious employment would be found among birthday odes, elegies on lapdogs, mottos for Albums, and sonnets to "an eye-brow." We have suddenly plunged into a different order of being. The poetry of England, as if by an irresistible sympathy, sprung into strength and splendour with the national cause, and the most signal struggle that ever tried and ennobled the arms of a people, seemed sent not less to elevate the national genius to the most stately supremacy.

All our present poetry has been born and matured with the war against France. Bacon observes that mind like the works of nature enlarges in all its proportions together. The war which raised up among us in that hour of the world's darkness, the successive splendors of those statesmen and heroes, whose light is still living on our eye, though their forms have obeyed the general law, and gone down from before us, gave energy to the whole spirit of the people. The occasional privations, the fierce hazards, the dazzling successes of that mysterious and solemn time, were made to give boldness and majesty, tragic depth of sensi-

bility, and wild and boundless exultation to a popular mind, of all others the deepest and firmest to receive the mightier impressions. On this intellectual ocean the tempest of a time unequalled in human vicissitude, was let loose, and when its magnificent heavings had subsided, its old boundaries were to be found no longer; the innumerable little erections that idleness or absurdity had erected as if to limit that vast and unfathomed mass of force had been carried away, and a new soil created for a new and bolder architecture. Other causes may have assisted in the great development of the English mind within the last quarter of a century;—but in our poetry the result has been a passion for thought, for nervous compression, for daring originality, for the out-pouring of the whole feeling of the whole man, even in its rudeness, if in its truth; and an utter loathing of the old affectations of language, and sentiment, of full-dress phrase, and sickly sensibility.

Our limits in this review are restricted by the variety of matter which it is the purpose of our Journal to lay before the reader, and we shall therefore make our few extracts from the poem of "Paris in 1815," without further observation than that in a brief preface it announces itself as the writing of a visitant at Paris in the memorable year in which the concluding blow was given to Napoleon, that it gives descriptions of the prominent objects of the capital, and that the author's view of them is taken chiefly in connexion with their revolutionary celebrity. We make the extracts as they casually meet us. The first view is at morning from Montmartre, at that time a British quarter. The spectator is glancing round the horizon still shadowed with the early vapours.

St. Cloud! How stately from the green hill's side

*Shoots up thy Parian pile! His transient hold,
Who wore the iron crown of Regicide!
He treads its halls no more—his hour is told.
The circle widens; Severs bright and cold
Peeps out in vestal beauty from her throne,
Spared for Minerva's sake, when round her rolled,*

*From yon high brow the Invader's fiery zone,
Resistless, as can tell thy faded towers, Mendon!
A trumpet!—at the sound *Mont Martre's* spread,
With martial crowds, a glittering, crimson tide
Pouring incessant from its sun-bright head—
Part, that in splendour deepen down its side,
In square and line, and column wheeling wide
To many a solemn touch of harmony.*

*Part, to the far champaign that clanging ride,
Like the long flashes of the Summer sky,
Like fresh plumed eagles from their airy high.*

*The British bands! a power is in the sound!
It speaks of freedom, virtue, valour nigh—
It calls up England upon foreign ground!
Far be from us the false philosophy
That owns not Country's nobly-partial tie!
The thoughts that like a second nature come
In distance and in death to fix the eye
On the heart's classic soil,—by temple, tomb,
By all love's names endear'd,—by all in one,
Our Home.*

*War has its mighty moments:—Heart of man!
Have all thy pulses vigour for a thrill
Prouder than thro' those gallant bosoms ran,
When first their standards waved above that
hill;*

When first they strove their downward gaze to fill

*With the full grandeur of their glorious prize—
PARIS!—the name that from their cradle still
Stung them in dreams: now, glittering in their
eyes,*

*Now won—won by the Victory of Victories!
For this, had bled their battle round the world;
For this, they round the world had come to war;
Some, with the shattered ensign that unfurled
Its lion-emblems to the Orient-star;
And some, the blue Atlantic stemming far;
And some, a matchless band from swarthy Spain,
With well-worn steel, and breasts of many a
scar;
And all their plains to their last conquering
plain*

*Were sport, and all their trophies to this trophy
vain.*

*And there are symbols round the Mount that
abow*

*What terror on the boastful land has been;
Glares from its embrasures the iron row,
With scarp and fosse is cut the tender green,
The howitz watches down the spiked ravine,
The steel-barb'd frize, the pyramid of ball,
Start on the eye from cot and vintage-screen:
And from the summit tower, the flag-staff tall
Lifts England's banner'd cross—triumphant
overall.*

*The gale has come,—at once the fleecy haze
Floats up,—then stands a purple canopy,
Shading the Imperial City from the blaze.
Glorious the vision! tower and temple lie
Beneath the morn, like waves of ivory,
With many an azure streak, and gush of green,
As grove and garden on the dazzled eye
Rise in successive beauty, and between,
Flows into sudden light the long, slow, serpent
Seine.*

*The traveller then leaves the Mount and
plunges into the darkness and crowd of
Paris, sees the *Abbaye* prison, and recollects
the detail of massacres of September;
sketches the general aspects of the Streets
and the people, and is suddenly abstracted
from them all by meeting the Royal Pro-
cession on its way to *Notre Dame*, previously
to the opening of the Chambers. We have
room only for the stanzas in which he speaks
of the Church service.*

*The pile is full; and oh, what splendours there
Rush in thick tumult on the entering eye!
The Gothic shapes, fantastic, yet austere;
The altar's crown of seraph imagery;
Champion and king that on their tombstones
lie,*

*Now clustered deep with beauty's living bloom;
And glanced from shadowy stall and alcove
high,
Like new-born light thro' that mysterious gloom,
The gleam of warrior steel, the toss of warrior
plume.*

*The organ peals;—at once, as some vast wave,
Bend to the earth the mighty multitude,
Silent as those pale emblems of the grave
In monumental marble round them strew'd.
Low at the Altar, forms in cope and hood
Superb with gold wrought cross and diamond
twine,*

*As in the pile, alone with life endued,
Toss their untiring censers round the shrine,
Where on the throne of clouds the Virgin sits
divine.*

*Gorgeous! but love I not such pomp of prayer;
Ill bends the heart mid mortal luxury.
Rather let me the meek devotion share,
Where in their silent glens and thickets high,*

England, thy lone and lowly chapels lie;
The spotless table by the eastern wall,
The marble, rudely traced with names gone by,
The pale-eyed pastor's simple, fervent call;
Those deeper wake the heart, where heart is all
in all.

The poem then gives a rapid glance at the Temple, where the Royal family were confined, at the *Margue* or receptacle for Suicides, the *Boulevards*, the *Tuileries*, the *Royal Apartments*, and the throne of *Napoleon*. This evidently comprehends but a portion of the sights and singularities of the French metropolis, but a second part is to follow, and the subject may still have no fear of being exhausted. The present is about the length of Lord Byron's minor poems.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS from a SWISS TRAVELLER in NORTH AMERICA in the Summer of 1816.

(Concluded.)

The country round Philadelphia and further inland is inexpressibly beautiful; all indicates great prosperity. Fruit which only wants to be gathered, and delightful meadows where the finest cattle graze, one sees continually; there are also many handsome country houses. The farmer is there his own master; he does not want to work, because the soil produces every thing without much labour: whoever loves a country life and has plenty of money, does very well to come to America, it is a real Paradise. But as our Swiss arrived here without money and without prospects—that is a misery! There lately arrived a ship with 500 of these unhappy people who were not even able to pay for their passage. Many of them regret their emigration, but it is now too late. They were sold here as servants. Children are best paid for; girls and boys who are not able to pay for their passage, serve till their 18th and 21st year, like black slaves. A healthy and robust man must work four or five years to pay for his passage, which is 80 dollars. Old people cannot find any body to take them; so that there are now about 50 of them on board the ship, who wait with an anxious heart to know their fate. If they find nobody to take them for their passage-money, they are thrown into prison, where they must work with malefactors in sawing marble, till they have earned enough to pay for their passage, which may last ten or twelve years. What barbarians are the men, the blood-suckers, who grow rich by such a traffic!—There are some Germans who do so, and circulate the most tempting pamphlets. The last who sailed for this purpose, said, before his departure, that this should be his last voyage, and if this one succeeded, he should be rich enough. The ship which brought the last refugees gained at least 30,000 florins. Persons who can pay for their passage and have still a little money remaining in their hands to buy a small piece of land and maintain themselves for a while do very well: but the others are more unhappy than they would ever be in Europe. A good workman is not badly off; but these increase very much, and will, in the end, have but little profit. Besides, a young European cannot so soon accustom

himself to the dull country life here; many pine after home. The farmer is, as I have already said, his own master, he sells his corn very well, pays his taxes, and does not want to buy any thing. The soil produces him every thing, and with a small capital, a laborious farmer can in a very short time prosper. An acre of uncleared land in a fine country and good soil costs two or three dollars, of which the half is paid directly, and the other half in six months. The population of the United States is now eight millions; but if the Europeans will continue to come as they have done from the year 1800, it will in a short time be increased beyond calculation. Pennsylvania alone could maintain on an extent of twenty-seven millions of acres, fourteen millions of men. There is therefore room enough for new comers. The climate here is not the most agreeable, on account of the sudden changes of the air. The thermometer sometimes changes in one afternoon 20°, from warm to cold; the greatest heat which I experienced here was 95°. The Winter, they say, is very rough and cold, and lasts four or five months. The Government and its rights are much like those of Switzerland; one lives quite free, and is not plagued about pass-ports or any thing else. There is no public police: duelling is forbidden under severe penalties; when they quarrel they settle it after the English fashion. I see that there are many insufficient laws which are partly too mild and give the wicked too much liberty; for these eleven years only one man has been condemned to death, and he was hanged a few days ago. Though he had committed three murders, many blamed the Government for his condemnation; the clergy defended him in the pulpit, the journalists in their papers, and the Quakers sent petitions to the President for his release.

Here are many French refugees; the rich buy themselves estates; the poor live in great misery; about 400 of them enlisted themselves in the service of the Spaniards, who by flattering promises and brilliant prospects enticed these poor strangers and sent them to Mexico.

Les Tableaux de M. le Comte de Forbin, ou la mort de Pliny l'ancien, et Ines de Castro, par Mad. la Comtesse de Genlis.

The death of the elder Pliny is one of the finest subjects that can possibly be chosen for painting: the idea which Horace inspires of the Philosopher who stands alone amidst the ruins of the world, is there realized. Pliny the elder resembled those great men who appeared in Rome and Italy at the period when civilization was first introduced into those countries by the arms and arts of Greece. Whether warriors, statesmen, or philosophers, they were all infinitely superior to the rude and ferocious heroes of the early ages of the Republic; but the splendor of their rising served only to mark the overthrow of all that was valuable in the morals and institutions of their country.

Noble and laudable as a desire to promote the advancement of science undoubtedly is, yet, if Pliny had perished merely through

examining an eruption of Vesuvius the victim of imprudent curiosity, this circumstance alone would not perhaps have entitled him to hold a higher rank than Empedocles; but he commanded the fleet of Misenum, and if his first emotion was that of curiosity on the sight of the phenomenon, his second feelings prompted him to attempt the rescue of his vessels and the inhabitants of the towns on the coast. After having given every necessary direction, he hastened to save one of his friends, who resided in a retired spot, and thus perished in the fulfilment of the most affecting duty; it is for this that we admire his courage and his death.

The history of *Ines de Castro* offers a subject which belongs of right to the province of Romance; it is even astonishing that it should have so long escaped the observation of the authors of so many novels. The event is as affecting as terrible, the heroine excites the liveliest interest; history has not disdained to preserve her memory; the epic Muse has strewed flowers over her tomb; and finally she inspired Lamotte, to produce a tragedy, which is never performed without exciting the highest interest.

Elegance and taste are predominant qualities in Mad. de Genlis' talent: consequently she never strays from the busy world and the court; it may be added, that her figures are generally all French and all modern, comprising under that head the age of Louis XIV. and all that succeeded him down to the Revolution exclusively; she appears to write from memory rather than from imagination, and her works are consequently highly natural and entertaining.

Women are not less sensible to glory than to love; they were the soul of chivalry, and have frequently exercised the happiest influence over Princes, by making an advantageous use of the powers of grace and beauty, to inspire them with noble sentiments, or to correct their vicious inclinations. Mad. de Genlis has endeavoured to present in *Ines* an additional example of these feelings, so honourable to her sex; but it appears to us, that she ought to have made her less imprudent than she is in the first part of the work. She seems to forget too suddenly the precepts and last commands of a grandmother, who bestowed on her the most tender cares, and resolves too precipitately to abandon the peaceful abode of her infant years for the splendid tumult of a court. All this, it is true, is managed and explained with much nature and delicacy: the character of women, and of young women in particular, is every where well maintained; and the spirit of the work is undoubtedly augmented by those circumstances, though they perhaps tend in some measure to diminish the interest which *Ines* should inspire.

Her first interview with the Prince presents a scene full of strong emotion and effect; and is happily conceived to establish the relations which are thenceforward to exist between the hero and the heroine of the history. In the absence of her guardian who had gone to Lisbon, to solicit for her a place near the person of the Queen, *Ines*

wrapt in the brilliant dreams of her youthful imagination, was strolling near a road, whence she suddenly heard a great noise of horses and chariots. This was the suite of the Prince Royal, who was then travelling through the provinces. Ines, concealed behind the bushes, dared not gratify her lively curiosity; at the sound of a coach which was overturned and broken to pieces, she was near fainting, when at the same moment she heard the cries of an unfortunate wretch who was begging for his life, hurried by fear and pity, she rushed forward, crying aloud for pardon, towards a furious young man, who was pursuing a postilion with a drawn sword in his hand. On hearing the soft accents of that plaintive voice, which appeared to descend from heaven, the Prince (for it was himself) eagerly turned, and was struck with astonishment on beholding the celestial figure of Ines, who, on her knees, and, with uplifted hands, still repeated *pardon, pardon*. He instantly ran towards her, raised her, descended on one knee, and laid at her feet the sword which had excited her alarm.

After this scene, and a short residence at the Castle, in order to recover from the bruises he had received in his fall, it is not at all surprising that he should become violently enamoured of Ines, or that the sentiments of the latter should acquire new force; for she is now no longer governed by imagination alone; a handsome and valiant Prince, is an equally powerful enchanter.

She quickly departed for the court, where she no sooner appeared than she gained a multitude of admirers; but these were easily rejected, for who could eclipse a Prince, in the midst of a court where every eye was directed towards him? Ines, like Berenice, was transported with the honours which her lover received; but he became pressing, and she then perceived the danger of her situation. It was necessary to come to a prompt decision, and she determines on flight. An attendant, whom she had made the confederate of her design betrayed her, and conducted her to a church, where Don Pedro had prepared every thing for their union, and where they exchanged vows of mutual fidelity at the foot of the altar.

Here, Madame de Genlis again enters the domain of history. Our readers are acquainted with the manner in which Ines died by poison, after having given birth to a Prince, and at the very moment when her rank and title were about to be publicly acknowledged. Madame de Genlis has well prepared and brought about this catastrophe; she has omitted no circumstance which could contribute to render it affecting, solemn, and terrible.

Madame de Genlis's style is beyond all praise, and is so well known that any extract would be superfluous.

A JOURNEY TO THE FAIR OF MACARIEFF.
FROM L'INCENDIE DE MOSCOW, BY MADAME FUSIL.

I departed from Moscow on the 11th of July, (N. S.) I was accompanied by an extremely agreeable lady, and her husband who was a man already advanced in life: they

were proceeding to Macarieff for purposes of trade; I with the view of giving concerts. We had engaged what the Russians call a *Yemchik*.¹

We had set out with only one servant, who was not far removed from an idiot, and consequently could not be of much use to us. I did not entertain the very best opinion of our coachman, and I was not deceived. I communicated my fears to my companions, who having made the journey before, knew better than I did the danger of having an unsafe coachman, for the woods of Mourum, like all the forests in the neighbourhood of the Volga, are infested with banditti, and it is no uncommon thing to see the bodies of travellers who have been assassinated, lying on the sides of the high-way. The Prince of Georgia, who inhabits *Liscowen*, is so convinced of the truth of this, that during the fair of Macarieff, he frequently patrols the roads himself when he supposes it likely that foreigners will pass the night at *Liscowa*.²

My travelling companions told me, that since I spoke Russian better than they did, I must beg of the first Tartar Caravan that might happen to pass, to allow us to travel under its protection. Almost all the Persian and Tartar merchants bear the title of Prince; they carry to this fair shawls, pearls, &c. and are all followed by numerous retinues of servants, some of whom assist in conveying their merchandise, whilst others attend on their persons. We were soon overtaken by one of these caravans. I made my request to the Prince as intelligibly as I could, (for they all speak Russian) and we gained permission to travel along with his suite: we slept in our own carriage. We were quickly joined by other parties of the same kind; we made the most laughable reflections on this whimsical mode of travelling, amidst Tartars, Boucars, Armenians, Persians, Turks, Bachekirs, and Kalmuks. We only wanted a party of Chinese to complete our escort. All these northern nations respect the rights of hospitality, and travellers never run any risk by placing themselves under their convoy. Our Tartars were extremely polite in their manners; they treated us with the utmost respect, and never offered to say or do any thing which was not within the bounds of the strictest decorum.

In the evening they invited us to take tea along with them. They seated themselves upon the ground in the eastern style, round a little carpet which was spread out upon the grass; having placed some tea-boxes on one side for us to sit upon; we formed altogether a most singular groupe. We ques-

¹ *Yemchik*, a kind of coachman, who drives short journeys with a *troyka*, (three horses.) He delivers his passport to those who engage him, which is the custom with all persons who are hired in Russia, in order that in case of accidents complaint may be made to their masters, or to the police, if they belong to the emperor.

² A little town separated by the Volga from Macarieff, where a considerable trade is carried on during this curious fair, at which all the merchants of Asia are in the habit of assembling.

tioned them concerning their mode of living and their wives: they assured me that they were permitted to have as many as their fortunes enabled them to maintain. They told me that their wives all agreed very well together, and that those who were old passed into the service of the young ones. We stopped for four hours in the morning, as well as in the evening, to let our horses rest, and during this time we had an opportunity of observing something of the customs of these people. They are exceedingly neat in their persons: their costume is pleasing and even elegant. They had yellow boots, a short waistcoat without sleeves, (which on particular occasions is embroidered with gold,) they shave their heads and wear a small pointed leather cap. The prince wore a long robe and a *cafetan*, and his head was likewise shaved; but in this particular they are all alike; the shaving of the head is one of the laws laid down by their religion.

We observed them when they were at their prayers, at some distance from us. They are all Mahometans. I could almost have fancied that Moliere had seen a party of Tartars at their devotions before he wrote the *Bourgeois-Gentilhomme*: their contortions were so grotesque that I could scarcely refrain from laughing. They jumped about, and pinched and pulled their beards; it was the most singular scene imaginable. They are passionately fond of music: I happened to have along with me an instrument, which contributed in no small degree to gain the kind marks of attention which they showed to us. They ran up to me whenever they heard me playing at a distance. I sang to them some Russian airs, and played the *Siganski*, (the national dance of Russia) with which they declared themselves enchanted. We travelled in this manner until our coachman was pleased to say that one of his horses had been seized with a lameness, and owing to this circumstance we were left completely in the rear. Fear began to take possession of our minds; but our coachman showed himself indifferent to all our apprehensions. By good fortune, however, we soon rejoined our Tartar Prince, who had stopped in consequence of some accident which had happened to his *Kibika*, (travelling-carriage.) We gave him our driver's passport, and requested that he would direct the Master of the Police to institute some enquiry, in case we should not arrive at Macarieff on the following day. Whether he was intimidated by this threat, or meant to alarm us merely for the sake of a joke, I know not, but nothing extraordinary happened to us. We crossed the great woods of Mourum, where we saw innumerable swarms of serpents, which abound in these forests; the necks and tails of these reptiles are black, spotted with yellow, and they are extremely venomous. We then passed over a vast uncultivated plain; my female companion and I dared not venture to make a mutual communication of our reflections, and we at length burst into an immoderate fit of laughter at the forcible expression of terror which was depicted in the countenances of each of us. The lady then began to relate to me all the tales of

robberies which she had ever read or heard of: I begged for mercy's sake that she would desist. In the mean while we arrived at Liscowa, and shortly afterwards crossed the Volga, by the superb bridge which had just been thrown across that river. This bridge, which shortened our journey by more than three wersts, is advantageously situated for trade: all the vessels are ranged on one side, and the bridge is covered with merchandise of every kind, particularly iron, which is an important article of traffic in this part of the world. We saw the new *Bazaar*; this was formerly a wooden building, but the Emperor Alexander has built a superb one of stone. Each range of shops is kept by individuals of one nation, and is appropriated to particular articles of trade. The Chinese deal in all the productions of their country; tea, nankeen, silks and Chinese-stuffs. One row of shops is filled with Turkish and Persian scarfs, (the latter are much narrower and of finer texture than those of Turkish manufacture; they are worn as sashes and turbans.) The Greeks deal in diamonds and pearls. On one side parties of Siberians exhibit the furs and stones of Siberia. The Tartars likewise sell shawls and diamonds; but the article for which they are most celebrated is Tartar-soap, with which they supply the whole of Russia. I purchased soap from no less a personage than *Prince Achmet*: it is sold here at the rate of fifty roubles per pound, which led me to conclude that what is sold at a low price elsewhere, cannot be genuine. It is so powerfully perfumed that the skin retains the fragrance for a considerable time after it has been washed with it. The Russians sell or rather exchange every kind of European merchandize; knives and forks are considerable articles of trade with them. Many Russian Noblemen who have manufactories on their estates, send goods on commission to the merchants who attend this fair.

The shops which are kept by the Turks are extremely large; they are encircled with *Divans*, and are decorated with the utmost magnificence. Their dresses are very rich and covered with embroidery; their girdles and turbans, (the latter of which are excessively large,) consist chiefly of Persian scarfs or pieces of Turkish silk. They offer to the ladies *Sorbet* and the *Pastiles* of the *Seraglio*, which they themselves constantly smoke. The Persians wear fewer gilt ornaments, and the form of their dress is different: their caps are high and their *Cifletans* short, with loose hanging sleeves.

The Persians are almost all handsome men, but their beauty does not equal that of the Circassians, Bachkirs and Teherkasses, (a tribe of Cossacks, who live among the mountains.) The charms of the Persian women are much extolled in Europe; the men are however far handsomer, and their style of dress adds grace to the natural symmetry of their forms. I saw several Georgian females; but they do not deserve their reputation for beauty. If it be handsome to have eyes disproportionately large, and eyebrows which seem as though they had been stained with China-ink, then indeed the

Georgian women may be pronounced exquisitely charming. Their features are regular, but their usual expression of countenance is disagreeable. As they advance in life the lids of their enormous eyes turn black, and they are then absolutely frightful: their white dresses bear a close resemblance to those worn by the French nuns.

There were several Tartar women at this fair, but their appearance presented nothing remarkable. I besides saw some Kirgui and Kalmuck children. It is no unusual thing to see these children in Russian houses, where they are richly dressed in the costume of their country. All these different forms of dress, worn by women as well as men, present a very pleasing and singular *coup-d'œil*. The fair of Macarieff attracts an infinite concourse of visitors. The Russians attend it either on business or for the sake of pleasure; and foreigners out of curiosity. I observed several French *Marchandes-de-Modes*, who had come from Moscow; they found it a profitable speculation, for the fair is visited by an infinite number of ladies.

The Prince of Georgia, who is the chief of the nobility, resides at Liscowa, where he frequently gives splendid entertainments: he may be said to perform the honours of this fair. He receives all the principal Russian nobility, all foreigners of distinction and artists. His visitors cross the Volga in elegant barges which belong to him, and then go to sup at Liscowa, where the entertainments of the evening usually consist of a concert and a ball. After having visited the fair, the company return to the palace, during the heat of the day, to take a little repose before they join in the festivities of the evening. The celerity with which Macarieff is converted into a charming little town, seems almost the work of enchantment: during the remainder of the year it is a wretched village, scarcely habitable, containing only a convent of monks, whose festival was formerly celebrated at the period at which this fair is now held. Temporary wooden houses are constructed and furnished in a very elegant style; they serve as coffee-houses, *Restaurations*, and other places of entertainment. Here parties assemble to sing, to dance, to play, and drink excellent wines and liquors of every kind; they may likewise be provided with sterlets, soudak, and sturgeons, (the fish from which the *Caviar* is produced.) Finally, these houses present a continual scene of bustle, the animation of which cannot be exceeded. The Russian, Georgian, Tartar and Kalmuck women are the only females who are visible; all the rest are shut up in their husbands' houses. These gentlemen, however, do not scruple to show their gallantry to females who are not under such rigorous confinement as their own wives, and it would be dangerous for a woman to venture out alone during the evening. Whenever the fair is at an end, the houses are pulled down and the bridge removed; and should a traveller happen to visit Macarieff a month afterwards, he might almost fancy he had dreamt every thing he had seen: he must make up his mind to live upon wretched black bread, and would find only a few *Kys-*

bats, (peasants' huts,) in which he would scarcely have courage enough to take up his abode for the night. The palace of Liscowa alone retains its former aspect. The Prince resides there during the greater part of the year. The amusements were suddenly suspended on account of the entrance of the French army at Wilna and the Emperor Alexander's arrival at Moscow. By one of those chances, which it is impossible to foresee, the Emperor unexpectedly entered Moscow one hour after my departure. We were informed of this on reaching Macarieff; but I could scarcely credit the intelligence.

I brought with me from Macarieff various articles of value, and particularly some *Balm of Mecca*, which is extremely scarce and dear at all times, and which a Tartar procured for me with considerable difficulty. It is a sovereign remedy for the gout, and preserves the freshness of the skin until a very advanced age; but for the latter purpose it must be applied in the same manner as the women of Asia use it. It is surprising that this branch of commerce is not more extensive: the ladies of Europe would doubtless prefer a little phial of this balm, by which they might preserve the delicacy of their complexions to the richest pearls and diamonds; and gouty patients would probably consider it even a greater luxury than the most sumptuous repast.

POETRY.

DRAMATIC SKETCH OF KEMBLE.

Written and Printed in 1796.—After seeing his Orates, Alexander, and Coriolanus.

Endow'd by Nature for supreme command,
See KEMBLE comes, the Monarch of the stage,
In Alexander, his majestic form,
Uniting grace and strength, appears to join
Apollo and great Hercules in one.
His aspect is imperial like his port,
Such as might suit the sculptor's front of Jove.
His ample forehead speaks exalted sense;
Upon his brow the fate of empires hangs;
The lightnings in his eyes are wont to play,
And leap forth, with the thunder of his voice,
To strike and wither armies; and to make
Cheap victory attend his flaming sword.—
But who can paint him in the Roman Chief,
He "who like an eagle in a dove-cote,
"Flutter'd the Volscians at Corioli."—
Fate on his helm, all arm'd in shining mail,
I saw him, singly, like a Lion chaf'd,
By desperate Hunters, in his fury turn,
His stature seem'd of more than human size
By rage enlarged.—Upon the Volscian Lord
He, downward, shot a mortal burning glance,
As wrathful fires are hurl'd from Etna's brow:
His temples, with his clenched hands, he struck,
And echo'd back the appellation "Boy!"
While, loudly storming o'er the armed field,
He strode, indignant, like the mighty Mar—
But I do mock him, by this piling speech,
This sorry painting would—but cannot, paint!
As strong conceptions labor in the breast,
Though language cannot give the fancy birth,
He must be seen himself.—This shows him not;
But as a faint reflection shows the sun;
Or as a feeble breath a tempest makes;
Or as a shallow rill, in some green mead,
Strid by a truant boy, would represent
The copious flood of the majestic Nile.

KEAN,

A DRAMATIC ALLUSION; WRITTEN IN 1814,
BUT NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.Next comes the fiery Champion, whose high
powers

Chin ample scope and the full meed of praise;
Old Drury's glory and her sword and shield:
Of him and his proud followers, a host
Celebrious, and oft beheld with pride,
Turning the tide of well-earn'd honor home,
Now speak we briefly;—fit occasion soon
To laud their gallant bearing in the field.—
Though not the first to hail his sudden light,
We, for a season, must reluctant pass
This new-rai'd Monarch, who, with Caesar's
speed,
Came, saw and conquer'd the impassion'd
crowd:

So swiftly sheths his fame from Isle to Isle,
One fleeting Moon beheld its rapid growth,
And the first sound of praise but serv'd to swell
The deep loud plaudits of the Nation's voice;—
Palms, which o'er other toils, successive rise,
The tardy growth of long uncertain years,
Brighten, at once, upon his youthful brows:
Green buds and tender blossoms mingling fair
With full-blown honors, in one brilliant wreath.
So, where amid the Indian Ocean, far
Rises the earthly Paradise Ceylon,
Shedding rich odours, o'er the Eastern wave,
Within her winding vales and woody dells,
Sweet breathing cinnamon and citron groves,
Or, on the gently undulating slope
Of her green hills reflected in the stream,
The smiling Seasons hail the radiant morn.
While Winter from the mountain top looks
down,
And the brown elephant majestic moves,
Amidst the distant openings of the wild,
Spring, Summer, Autumn, led by wanton May,
Beneath the ruddy canopy of eve,
Together meet; and dance in airy rings,
Weaving their treasures in one garland wild,
For Youth and Beauty in the bands of Love.

W. C.

FAREWELL DINNER
TO J. P. KEMBLE, ESQ.

No event in common life has made a more lively impression of regret on the public mind than the retirement of Mr. Kemble, in the full and unimpaired vigour of his talents. The meeting on Friday, at Freemasons' Tavern, of the Amateurs of the Drama, to bid him farewell, was remarkable for the distinction and talent of the company. An assembly of men honoured for their rank, erudition, genius and character, of all political parties, of all the learned professions, of eminent Artists, Poets, Writers and Scholars, animated by one feeling of respect and affection, to do honour to a Gentleman who had contributed so essentially to their intellectual gratifications, and to whom the enlightened world is so much indebted for the splendid manner in which, by classic representations, he has illustrated the works of our immortal bard, was truly an honourable and delightful spectacle. The gallery presented also a beautiful display of women of the first fashion, who emulated the zeal of the convivial circle below, in testifying their gratitude to, and admiration of Mr. Kemble.

Lord Holland was in the Chair, and he had Mr. Kemble on his right hand, supported by the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdown, the Marquis of Abercorn, the Earl of Aberdeen, Earl of Essex, Earl of Harrington,

Earl of Mulgrave, Earl of Blessington, Lord Erskine, Lord Petersham, Lord Worcester, Lord Torrington, the Hon. General Phipps, Mr. T. Moore, Mr. S. Rogers, Mr. T. Campbell, Mr. Crabbe, Mr. Croker, Mr. Heber, Mr. James Smith, Mr. Horace Smith, Mr. West, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and all the other most distinguished Members of the Royal Academy, who have ever found in the figure, the attitudes and expression of Mr. Kemble, studies for painting and sculpture—together with all the other most eminent professional and literary men of the metropolis—while we know that the Earl of Upper Ossory, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Canning, and others of the old and private friends of Mr. Kemble, were only prevented by unavoidable circumstances from being present. All his own professional brethren of both Theatres exerted themselves as a Committee of Stewards, and wore an elegant medal, struck for the occasion by Mr. Warwick, of the Strand; and the assembly was further rendered interesting by the presence of M. Talma, the most shining actor of the French stage, who thus joined in the tribute paid to his friend, and who will therefore be able to report to his colleagues in France, how the lovers of dramatic science and taste in England honour the professors of the delightful art.

After the anthem of "Non nobis, Domine," and the usual toasts, the Noble Chairman said—

Gentlemen, in pursuance of the object of this day, I hoped to have had the honour and satisfaction of presenting to my friend, who sits beside me, the piece of plate which it is your wish to bestow upon him, as an indication of the high sense you entertain of his abilities. But, unfortunately, I am prevented from performing that grateful duty—the rich and beautiful work, designed for the vase, requiring time for its completion. Here is, however, a drawing of the vase, which will be handed round the room. I have also a copy of the inscription intended for it, which, if you please, I will read.

His Lordship then read as follows:—

"To J. P. KEMBLE, Esq. on his retirement from the Stage,

Of which, for thirty-four years, he has been the ornament and pride;

Which, to his learning, taste, and genius, is indebted for its present state of improvement; Which, under his auspices, and profiting by his constant labour, most worthily directed to the support of the legitimate drama, and more particularly to the glory of SHAKESPEARE;

Has arrived at a degree of splendour and prosperity before unknown;

And which, from his high character, has acquired an increase of honour and dignity;

THIS VASE

FROM A NUMEROUS BODY OF HIS ADMIRERS, As a mark of their gratitude, respect, and affection,

Was presented, by the hands of their President, ON THE 27TH OF JUNE, 1817."

(The passages in this inscription, complimentary to the genius and industry of Mr. Kemble, were enthusiastically applauded.)

Lord HOLLAND continued.—"If, Gentlemen, it were not for the feelings which actuate you, and which influence myself, here I might close—because I think, in this company, composed as it is of so many gentlemen who have pursued the arduous profession of the stage with success, or who are qualified to judge of scenic ability, it would be superfluous in me to descant on such a topic. It would indeed, unable as I am to do justice to

the subject, be worse than superfluous—it would be presumptuous and impertinent in me to enlarge on that great combination of qualities, natural and acquired, necessary to form a perfect actor. But if, following the object for which we are here assembled, I were to touch on the various abilities of my excellent friend near me, what else would I be doing, but describing those natural qualities and acquired perfections which are indispensable in the constitution of an accomplished actor—which can alone raise men to that high eminence which Mr. Kemble so long enjoyed in that profession, which gives to poetry so much force and effect—and which imparts to thousands so large a portion of rational and innocent amusement (Loud applause).—For, I say, as no person ever brought to the stage a greater portion of those natural advantages, which realize the idea of the poet, and afford assistance to the sister arts of painting and of sculpture, than Mr. Kemble, so, I will contend, that no man ever cultivated the dramatic art with greater assiduity, zeal, learning, and judgment (applause).—Gentlemen, it is quite unnecessary for me to dwell, as I have already said, on those qualities which recommend an actor to public applause—because by your being here this day, you prove that you understand them much better than I can describe them. We have met here, not only because we feel a perfect conviction of the great difficulties which are attached to the study of this profession—but we have met here also because we rate highly those qualifications, which are necessary to success on the stage, and which my friend near me possesses in a pre-eminent degree (applause).—Here, gentlemen, I wish to mention a subject which is so immediately connected with the object for which we are met, that I trust I may be allowed to interrupt your conviviality, by calling your attention for one moment to it. It has generally been the idea of those who wrote on the profession of acting—(particularly the poets)—and of one more especially, whose name we all venerate, and whose loss we all deplore—(I mean the late lamented Mr. Sheridan)—speaking of the difficulties and the discouraging circumstances which attend the art—"that the materials of the actor's fame are more perishable than those of the poet's or the painter's." We have met, I think, this day, to remove some of the injustice to which, in this particular, the profession has been subjected. Mr. Kemble has, by collateral measures, done more for the permanent prosperity of the stage, and consequently for the fame of its votaries, than any person who has gone before him.—For, as long as the British theatre exists—as long as the plays of Shakspeare shall be represented in this metropolis, the result of his learning and industry will be seen in the propriety of the scenic decorations, in the improvement of the costume, in many matters, apparently of minor consideration—but which, when effected, shew the man of research and of ability—display the mind of the scholar and the critic (applause).—I thought it necessary to touch upon this point, since it appears to be so nearly connected with the business of the day. I shall not trespass on you further. What we are met to do, I hope will be acceptable to my friend, and gratifying to us all.—The feelings by which we are impelled are, I think, embodied in the inscription which has been read to you—they are those of gratitude, respect, and affection. Gratitude, for the delight he has so often imparted to us in crowded theatres—respect for him, as a scholar and a critic—and affection for his virtues, as a man of independent character and of upright conduct.

¹ The Company of Drury Lane Theatre.
² For Ceylon.

I am sure, with his usual good nature, that he will accept of this address as a memorial of respect and esteem. If I am not misinformed, a gentleman present will recite an Ode, more expressive of my feelings than any thing I can say to you."

This speech was received with a tumult of applause. When silence was obtained, Mr. Young recited, in a most forcible and feeling manner, the following ODE, written by Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of *The Pleasures of Hope*:

ODE FOR THE FAREWELL MEETING IN HONOUR OF KEMBLE.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.

Pride of the British stage,

A long and last adieu!

Whose image brought th' heroic age

Revived to Fancy's view;

Like fields refresh'd with dewy light,

When the sun smiles his last,

Thy parting presence makes more bright

Our memory of the past;

And memory conjures feelings up,

That wine or music need not swell,

As high we lift the festal cup

To "KEMBLE, fare thee well!"

His was the spell o'er hearts,

Which only acting lends,

The youngest of the sister arts,

Where all their beauty blends,

For ill can Poetry express

Full many a tone of thought sublime,

And painting mute and motionless

Steals but one glance from Time;

But by the mighty actor brought

Illusion's wedded triumphs come,

Verse ceases to be airy thought,

And sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,

But ne'er efface the charm,

When *Cato* spoke in him alive,

Or *Hotspur* kindled warm.

What soul was not resign'd entire

To the deep sorrows of the Moor?

What English heart was not on fire

With him at Agincourt?

And yet a majesty possess'd

His transport's most impetuous tone,

And to each passion of his breast

The graces gave their zone.

High were the task, too high

Ye conscious bosoms here,

In words to paint your memory

Of KEMBLE, and of *Lear*.

But who forgets that white dis-crowned head,

Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd

glare,

Those tears upon *Cordelia*'s bosom shed,

In doubt, more touching than despair,

If 'twas reality he felt.—

Had SHAKESPEARE's self amidst you been,

Friends, he had seen you melt,

And triumph'd to have seen.

And there was many an hour

Of blended kindred fame,

When SIDDON'S auxiliary power

And sister magic came;

Together at the Muse's side,

Her tragic paragons had grown,

They were the children of her pride,

The columns of her throne;

And undivided favour ran,

From heart to heart, in their applause,

Save for the gallantry of man,

In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,

Robust and richly graced,

Your KEMBLE's spirit was the home

Of Genius and of Taste.

Taste like the silent dad's power

That where supernal light is given,

Can measure Inspiration's hour,

And tell its height in Heav'n.

At once ennobled and correct,

His mind survey'd the tragic page,

And what the actor could effect,

The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth,

And must we lose them now;

And shall the scene no more shew forth

His sternly-pleasing brow?

Alas! the moral brings a tear,

'Tis all a transient hour below;

And we that would detain thee here,

Ourselves as fleetly go.

Yet shall our latest age

This parting scene review—

Pride of the British Stage,

A long and last adieu!

The most heartfelt applause followed this recitation.

LORD HOLLAND then proposed "The Health of Mr. Kemble," which was received with enthusiasm.

MR. KEMBLE said—Gentlemen, for your presence here to-day, and the favour you have done me in drinking my health, I beg leave to offer you my most heartfelt and sincere acknowledgements.—Unused as I am to extemporaneous public speaking, it will not appear extraordinary that I should be a little embarrassed, in addressing an assembly in which I see so many persons highly valued for their genius and talents. I shall, therefore, Gentlemen, be obliged to confuse myself to saying, that this is the greatest honour that could possibly be conferred on me; and as it is a distinction that never has been shewn to any of my predecessors, I therefore feel, Gentlemen, how far your favour exceeds every thing which my deserts could justly challenge [applause.] Gentlemen, the terms in which you have been pleased to convey to me your approbation of my professional exertions and of my private conduct, leaves me nothing to say, but that I am very proud you think so highly of me.—Your Noble Chairman, Gentleman, has done me the honour of attributing to me much more merit than I can pretend to; his feelings have led him, I fear, very much to overstate my services. But I can truly say, that, when he attributed to me a strong desire to discharge my duty fairly in the different parts of my profession, as far as my honest endeavour to deserve that praise could be considered as entitling me to it—so far your Noble Chairman has spoken of me only with justice [great applause.] The manner in which you have been so kindly good as to step forward, in order to hand down to posterity my exertions on the stage, is too flattering to my feelings, not to affect my heart most deeply (here Mr. Kemble was so much affected that he was obliged to pause for some seconds)—to posterity—that is too much to say—but I receive the gift, Gentlemen, with affection—with gratitude; and it is pleasing to me to hope that I shall still be remembered, even when that mark of your kindness has faded away, since my farewell has been sung by the Muse, that dictated "*The Pleasures of Hope*!" (applause.) I now beg leave to propose "The Health of our Noble Chairman, Lord Holland."

LORD HOLLAND, in returning thanks, declared, that it was most gratifying to him to preside in such an assembly, on such an occasion.

His Lordship then, after eulogising the poetical genius of Mr. Campbell, the author of the Ode, proposed that Gentlemen's health.

MR. CAMPBELL said, he was so wholly unprepared, and so completely overcome, by the honour conferred on him, that he was quite incapable of returning a suitable answer, or of giving vent to the feelings under the influence of which he rose. The heat of the weather had also, for several days past, affected his health, and he was perfectly unable to make a speech, if he were inclined to do so; but he was sure the company would think better of him for abstaining from such a course. He had received an honour which he felt that he did not deserve; but he should ever reflect on it with pleasure, and he should ever participate in those feelings of enthusiasm which appeared to pervade the present meeting, in doing honour to the great ornament of the English stage. He should end here, if he did not know that there was more genuine poetry in the room than he could pretend to. But he saw a distinguished contemporary near him, who ought to have assisted, or gone before him, in composing the Farewell Ode. He should, at once, name him, if he were not sensible that the author of *Lalla Rookh* was present [loud applause]. He also took this opportunity of mentioning the Reverend Mr. Crabbe, a Gentleman, who might be termed the father of modern bards.

LORD HOLLAND, after alluding to the poets who honoured the entertainment with their presence, proposed, "the health of the British Poets, who adorn the present age."

MR. FAWCETT, and MR. RAE, as the Managers of the two Theatres, returned thanks in warm and polished terms for the honour done them in drinking their healths, which was proposed by the Noble Chairman, and drunk with great applause.

LORD HOLLAND expressed his satisfaction at witnessing the liberality of sentiment which pervaded the two winter Theatres, rivals as they were in some respects. But he was sure that the liberality of Englishmen would not be confined to their own country. They had now an Actor of a neighbouring nation amongst them [enthusiastic applause]. His Lordship was happy that they were all eager to express their gratification at this circumstance. He should therefore propose "The health of M. Talma, and success to the French Stage."

This toast was drunk with long-continued plaudits.

MONS. TALMA spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen, it is impossible for me in a foreign language to express my warm gratitude for the hospitable way in which you have this day received me [applause], and the honour you have done, in my person, to the French Stage. To be thought worthy of notice, on an occasion consecrated to my dear friend [shouts of applause], I estimate as one of the highest honours of my life. As I cannot thank you with my words, you will, I hope, suffer me to thank you with my heart [plaudits]. Gentlemen, permit me to drink success to the British Nation, and to the British Stage." [thunders of applause.] (These few words, delivered in a clear and powerful voice, with great boldness of utterance, and vehemence of action, had a most surprising effect on the audience.)

"The health of Mr. West, and success to the Royal Academy," was next drunk.

MR. WEST returned thanks.

LORD HOLLAND then proposed "The health of Mr. Young," who returned thanks in a neat speech, in which he declared, that to Mr. Kemble's example, he owed the success which he had heretofore met with in his profession. He expressed his opinion, that no man could long remain a favourite with the public, who did not follow the steps so gloriously trodden by Mr.

Kemble—steps, which, although at an humble distance, he hoped he should ever pursue.

Lord Holland then proposed "The health of Mrs. Siddons," which was drunk with great applause.

Mr. H. Twiss returned thanks.

A little before twelve o'clock, Lord Holland quitted the Chair, and the company soon after separated, highly delighted with the transactions of the evening.

The Performers of Drury-Lane Theatre, anxious to record their testimony of respect for the advantages derived from Mr. Kemble's professional exertions, appointed a Deputation, consisting of Messrs. Rae, Johnstone, Holland, and Dowton, to wait on him, and to express their regret at his retirement from the Stage. These Gentlemen were introduced to Mr. Kemble on Friday, when Mr. Rae addressed him in the following words:

"Mr. Kemble—Sir, Mr. Dowton, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Holland, and myself, as a Deputation from all the Performers of Drury-Lane Theatre, have the honour to wait on you, to offer our tribute of personal respect, and at the same time deeply to lament your having withdrawn yourself from the Stage, of which, for several years, you have been the pride and distinguished ornament. I am concerned that illness prevented my accompanying these Gentlemen for this purpose, on the evening of your universally regretted retirement. But, we trust, though late in the expression of our feelings, they will not be the less acceptable. As the Representatives of Drury-Lane Theatre, we proudly feel, that there you attained and perfected that high professional character, which is now deservedly drawing forth every mark of public estimation; and we beg to assure you, that we fully participate in those general feelings of admiration and respect. We truly feel that you have added a dignity to the profession, both by your genius in the art itself, and by the force of your example in private life. We take our leave of you, wishing you the enjoyment of your health, and with an earnest hope, that the remainder of your life may in every respect be as happy as it has hitherto been serviceable and ornamental to Learning and the Stage."

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD.—Graduations.—B. D. Rev. W. Dodson, St. John's, M. A. Rev. C. Barker, Trinity; W. J. Hughes, Brasenose; D. Evans, Jesus; E. Lloyd, Christchurch; Messrs. T. Twigg, St. Alban's Hall; W. M. Boyton, ditto; J. Mill, Trinity; and J. T. Coleridge, Fellow of Exeter. B. A. Mr. R. G. C. Fane, Magdalen.

The Rev. T. Silver, D. C. L. Fellow of St. John's, is elected Rawlinson Professor of Anglo-Saxon, vice Rev. C. Dyson, M. A. Fellow of Corpus Christi, vacated.

CAMBRIDGE.—The Annual Prizes given by the representatives in Parliament, have been adjudged to the Senior Bachelors, H. Robinson, Fellow of St. John's, and J. C. Franks, ditto of Trinity; and to the Middle Bachelor, J. J. Blunt, Fellow of St. John's—one prize remaining undecided.

The Porsonian Prize for the best translation of one of our Classic Dramatists, into Greek verse, is adjudged to Mr. G. J. Pennington of King's.

FRENCH MANNERS.

L'ERMITTE EN PROVINCE.

EXERCISES AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE BASQUES.

Hæc celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri.

VING. ÆN.

* * The mineral waters, less renowned than those of Bagniores and Barège, but equally good, draw together at Cambo, towards the end of the summer, a considerable number of patients who come to seek health, and of people in health, who seek pleasure: this concourse of company naturally gives occasion to numerous parties for field sports, tennis, and dancing; which I cannot avoid speaking of at some length: it is particularly in their sports that the manners of these mountaineers should be studied; pleasure singularly heightens the expression of the physiognomy of the Basques.

The delight taken by the Basques in the pigeon chase, (*chasse aux Palombes*) is almost equal to their love of tennis and dancing; this sport begins in autumn. I shall not be home to be present at it, but I ask M. Destere, and his answers bring absent objects before my eyes.

There are two species of pigeon chase, one which is called the little chase and is carried on in the valleys; and the great on the mountains. For the first the principal huntsman makes at the top of a tree a cabin of foliage; he conceals himself in it, provided with a fowling piece and a blind pigeon; which he fastens on the outside with a thread long enough to allow the bird to fly to some distance from the cabin: other huntsmen hide themselves in the bushes: at the cry of the call bird which the huntsman above excites by pulling the string to which he is tied, the pigeons in the neighbourhood flock to the spot and are brought down by the balls which are fired at them on every side.

The great chase requires considerable preparation and expense, which is generally divided among the farmers who assemble for the purpose. All the high trees of the mountains on which they meet are covered with cabins and hunters, who have no arms besides a kind of watchman's rattle. The blind pigeons first do their duty: their voices draw the others in great numbers, at the same moment the hunters above let loose a sparrow hawk among them, and sound their rattles; at this sight, at this noise, flocks of terrified pigeons drop down upon vast nets stretched upon the trees from one hill to another; in this manner many hundreds are taken at once. A description of a party of this kind would make a charming picture; but my time is short, and fêtes still more local claim my attention.

The game of tennis is here quite a rage; there are two sorts of it, called "*le rabot*," and "*la longue*." The first, which is the second in rank, is played in a small space, with a hand ball thrown against a wall; it differs but little from the game played in France in most of the public schools; there is this peculiarity in it, however, that in this

We are obliged to translate the French *Chasse*, by *Chace*; though the words are not equivalent; the French being applicable to all kinds of field sports, hunting, fowling, &c.

country it seems reserved for children, on the verge of adolescence, and for men declining towards old age; they very frequently play against each other, and the match is almost always equal; for the one not having yet acquired their full strength and the others not having lost all theirs, they are at an equal distance from their maturity: at the beginning of this struggle between fifteen and sixty, sixty has at first the advantage, but more frequently fifteen wins the game: this may be explained; the fatigue of a violent exercise which exhausts the strength of the old man who is at the close of his career, does but increase that of the child who is beginning.

All the wonders of this species of talent are shewn in the matches of the game *à la longue*.

Thousands of spectators who flock from all parts of the department, and sometimes even from Spain, assemble in a vast space prepared for this purpose. On these solemn occasions matches are made only between well known artists, and upon whose talents considerable wagers are laid; for it is not merely the vanity of their opinion, it is frequently a part of their fortune, which people risk in these conjectures; M. Destere assured me that he had often seen 50,000 francs deposited as stakes on these occasions. The walls of the gardens, the windows, the roofs of the houses, the large branches of the trees, near the scene of action, are crowded with spectators of both sexes and of every age; they begin by forming the *jury of the game*, which is composed of a certain number of amateurs, who are already *emeriti*, and who decide in the last instance, upon the disputes which are always ready to arise in the course of the game.

The players must be all dressed in the same costume, whatever be their respective ranks or professions. They all wear a tight net on their heads, without any other dress than a shirt and pantaloons of the most dazzling whiteness, and are only to be distinguished by the colour of their silk sashes, which they frequently tie up, and which they handle with a very particular grace: this quality with which the Basques are essentially endowed, is especially remarkable in an exercise, in which strength, suppleness, velocity, are indispensable conditions of a success which is hardly ever to be obtained but in the prime of life.

Light as a Basque, is said proverbially, and without suspecting the exaggeration which such an eulogium implies: the verse on the Stag pursued by the pack

"*L'œil le cherche, et le suit aux lieux qu'il a quittés.*"

is not less literally true in speaking of the young inhabitants of these mountains; the flight of their ball in the air is not more difficult to follow, than the trace of their footsteps.

It is still more difficult to form an idea of the motions excited in them by the different chances of the game. During this ebb and tide of fear and hope, witnesses run about on every side to carry the news to distant places. The roads for more than six leagues from the place are thronged with

inquisitive people, who with beating hearts interrogate these messengers. *Denois*, or *Pontenoy*, did not excite a more lively interest. In short, when talent, or fortune, which mixes in all the affairs of this world, has decided the victory, the vanquished think only of taking their revenge, and the victors of new combats. These contests are not mere play; they are considered as leading to fortune and glory.

Tennis has its heroes whose names have acquired a celebrity of which tradition, if not history, insures the duration. M. Destere has related to me the following anecdote on this subject: "the famous Parquins had been forced during the revolution to emigrate to Spain; he learned that one of his rivals in glory named Cruchatty, had announced a match at Tennis at *Aldudes*, on the frontiers. Parquins immediately causes application to be made to the magistrates of the place for a safe conduct; which is granted him, on the ground of the necessity of opposing to Cruchatty the only rival worthy of contending with him. Parquins arrives, enters the lists, combats, gains the victory, and returns to Spain amidst the acclamations of the crowd, who accompany him as far as the frontiers.

It is in these *local fêtes* that one should have seen only a few years ago, those dances in which whole Communes took part, where all the ages of human life (from the moment when one forms the first steps, to that in which one prepares to take the last) assembled round the tombs to celebrate by the same dances, these fêtes at which three or four hundred generations had successively attended on the same spot.

The people of these different ages in the order of their succession, and the sexes in two lines, repair, after divine service, from the church to the church-yard, preceded by the mayor of the commune, who, in the poetical language of the country, is called the *Civil Pontiff*. (Aonso Apessa.) This Pontiff, (exactly like Plutarch at Cheronæa,) with branches of laurel and olive in his hands, leads in cadence the solemn procession, which he conducts to the public square, to the sound of instruments peculiar to the country, among which are reckoned only the *Tambour le Basque* or tambourine, the flute with five holes, and a kind of violin without a bridge, on which the measure is marked by striking the strings with a short stick covered with leather. It is by means of these instruments, so poor in harmony, with which some rustic voices mingle at intervals, that labourers, shepherds, their mothers, wives and daughters, fill the heavens with hymns which seem to descend from them.

When they have got to the place, the whole population forms an immense circle, round which they march several times with measured steps. The march becomes progressively animated: and at the moment when its action becomes the most lively, the tambourine gives the signal for the *monchico*, a violent dance, in which a whole people can participate without confusion. Noverre and Danberval have tried to give an idea of it on the stage of the Opera-house at Paris; but how can its national character be pre-

served? It is not merely the feet or the arms, but the body of the Basques which is put in motion by the *monchico*; and their souls are still more agitated: they talk, cry out, and sing as they dance: they fill the air with those cries, those bursts of the voice with which they make the mountains re-echo when they cross the Pyrenees, and wish to inform each other where they are. This species of rapid gamut is called *iviscina* in the Pyrenees, and *incina* in some parts of the Alps. I think I remember that Silius Italicus makes mention of it in his poem, and that he tries to imitate it by the harmony of his verses.

The words spoken extempore during the *monchico*, are the most faithful expression of the kind of intoxication which this dance produces among the Basques. One might make a charming collection of the passionate expressions, of the delicate praises which are suggested to them at this moment by friendship, love, and filial piety.

The songs of the Basques are languishing, as in all mountainous countries, where the abode of men in these high regions, seems to dispose their souls to the most tender sensations. The language of the Basques, in which almost all the substantives terminate in *a*, which uses oriental circumlocutions to designate objects which command love, respect, or fear, this language I say is more favorable than any other to the expression of melancholy. God is called *JAVUGOICOA* (Lord of above) *Night* *GAB-A* (absence of light); *Death* *ERIOZA* (cold malady); *the Sun*, *EGRESQUIA* (Creator of day); *the Moon*, *ILARQUIA* (dead light).

The Basques are brave, but vindictive, excellent soldiers, especially for war in the mountains, but independent, and difficult to be kept under their colours, beyond the time which they fix themselves. A great captain, who was a judge of soldiers, used to say that the Basques, so distinguished for their personal courage, were good for nothing in the line. In the war with Spain in 1793 two half brigades (commanded by a general, with whose name the epithet of *brave* unites so naturally that it seems to form a part of it,) two half brigades I say, commanded by the brave Harispe, after having performed prodigies of valour, deserted almost to a man, in order to go and see their relations and friends. A few days after they all returned to the camp, where their commander waited for them without any uneasiness.

The proper names which are really Basque, have almost all a meaning. Such as *Sala-berry*, new saloon, *Etcheberry*, new house; *Etchechahar*, old house; *Ihurbide*, road to the fountain; *Iaurguiberry*, new castle; *Uharte*, between two waters.

There is a higher degree of cleanliness in the dwelling houses, and in the clothing of the Basques, than in any other province in France. The women are in general handsome, well made, lively, and agreeable.

Religion among the Basques is not exempt from superstition; but this superstition, far from being intolerant, does not impair that mild philanthropy, which they practise without knowing its name; their respect for the dead and for the tomb is a real worship, which

makes their funeral ceremonies but the more affecting; formerly they gave occasion to violent acts of despair and even of fury which the government thought it necessary to remedy by an ordinance which Mr. Depping has preserved in his general History of Spain.

THE DRAMA.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA.

The Manager of this house, in his anxious endeavour to prove himself worthy of public favour, has adopted the plan of giving *three pieces* on each night. We presume that gentleman is the best judge of his own interest; or we might suppose that to begin at half after six, and give only two pieces would dismiss the audience at an earlier hour, and have a better effect on his treasury. But we are not disposed to be angry with him for giving *too much* to his patrons; and we frankly admit that his earnest efforts to maintain an *English school of vocal music*, are deserving of general encouragement. On last Monday night, "My Uncle,"—"Two Words, or the Silent not Dumb,"—and the revived Spectacle of "Don Juan, or the Libertine destroyed," were the entertainments. If there be no great depth of plot or character in the first, it has a share of easy pleasantry, and some whimsical situations, without much false sentiment or affected wit. It affords *Broadhurst* an agreeable song; *Bartley*, a cast of character well suited to his blunt familiar humour; and shows off *Wrench* in a dashing, thoughtless man of the town with goodness of heart enough to resist the force of his ill habits. It does not do much for the ladies; and therefore the ladies are hardly blameable, if they do little for it. But altogether it is sufficiently lively and amusing to while away an hour, and diversify the performances of an evening. In the second piece, "Two words," almost all the characters are background figures to a principal; and Messrs. *Bartley*, *T. Short*, *W. S. Chatterley*, and *Wilkinson*, perform their respective parts with quite enough of the *proprieties*, to give effect to the whole. Mrs. *Grove* plays the Robber's Wife with a due degree of hobbling bustle and treacherous premeditation. Mrs. *Pincot's* intelligent eyes and countenance supply the neglect of the Writer. Beside the general interest of the story, the admirable acting of Miss *Kelly* has given this piece a fixture in the public mind, not easily to be shaken. The routine of theatrical duties does not leave the choice of characters to the performers; and this actress is not responsible, if we sometimes have seen her in parts but little adapted to the display of her finer qualities. A necessity, unavoidable in all theatres, often compels a manager to assign characters to a performer, whose talents are not in unison with them. She is versatile, and has not very frequently performed parts in high life; but her chief powers lie in the *pure simplicity of village life*. In the unrestrained gaiety and brisk action of an innocent country-girl; where the character is well drawn, and the situations whimsical, her sprightliness is a slow

of joyous spirits, full of genuine point, without a particle of coarseness or vulgarity. She is so completely identified with the character, that she has little to do but follow her own impulses; and her judgment, good taste, good sense, and cheering good humour, guide her with an instinctive felicity. Like a sun-beam her vivacity throws an agreeable light upon the performers around her, and there is a pleasantry of the heart in her countenance, which, without overstepping the modesty of nature, keeps up the life of the piece, and retains a constant hold upon the interests of her audience.

But when a rustic character is ill-written, and distinguished from better life more by vulgarity of dress and coarseness of language and manners, than by an unaffected simplicity, and open-hearted display of natural feeling, this actress is by no means so successful. The defects of the author, in some degree, attach to her performance. She is necessitated to eke out the deficiency of the text, by slatternly neglect or tawdry finery; by hanging her lip; a gibing tone; twirling her person, or striding round the stage; elbowing the performers, swinging her arms and fiddling with her apron. One plainly sees, when she is thus constrained to act against her better judgment. We repeat it, simplicity, the genuine, feeling simplicity of nature, is her prevailing attraction, and an affectation of vulgarity is more gross and awkward, because every thing like coarse vulgarity is unnatural in her. Dressed in a rustic character, in which the kindly feelings give a tone to the manners, she is a model of rural elegance, such as we are charmed with in the delightful pictures of *Watteau*, *Greuze* or *Wheatley*; and such as *Wilkie*, *Bird*, or *Mulready*, would select as a Village Beauty to lead a group of country-girls, at a dance on the green, or holiday festival.

In the agreeable truth of rustic expression, which is natural to her, she has no successful rival; but in the pantomimic tricks and forced gestures, to which she is sometimes driven, there are many who surpass her. In the part of a witty intriguing waiting-maid, she is very entertaining. Her mischievous drollery in *Flippanta*, in the *Confederacy*, is only to be approached by Mrs. Grans, who has not the advantage of her youthful person, and whose humour is somewhat broader, but whose pointed laugh and tones of raillery are irresistibly comic. If Miss Kelly has different degrees of merit in the lighter cast of rustic characters, it is the pure unsophisticated expression of rustic distress, which calls forth her highest powers, and establishes her soothing empire over our senses. In *Annette*, in the *Maid and Magpie*; *Mary* in the *Inn-keeper's Daughter*, and the *Disguised Servant* in the *Robbers' Cottage*, in "*Two words*," she shines forth at the head of a class, without any successful competitor among the many deserving actresses on the British Stage. It is by her inimitable performance of these characters that she has deservedly gained her celebrity. In these, she is ever affecting, ever new. We have repeatedly seen her in them, and we do not think we could ever tire of her repetitions.

She performed the cottage scene in "*Two Words*" on last Monday night, with as much warm interest and as many delicate touches of nature as ever. The attention of the Audience was as fixed, the applause as loud, as frequent, and as well-deserved as on her first performance of that character.

On Tuesday night, My Uncle, Artaxerxes, and Don Juan, were performed at this Theatre. Miss *Miriam H. Buggins* performed *Mandane*, with so much taste and feeling as fully to justify our hope on seeing her in the part of Polly, that she would prove a valuable acquisition to the stage. We understand that she is a pupil of Mr. Horn, and she does much credit to his instructions. Her voice unites great depth and sweetness, and she sung with much power and harmony. Her execution was fluent, and occasionally rich in expression; but we do not agree with those who suppose that she has yet surmounted the diffidence inseparable from a new performer. She was visibly much agitated, and once nearly overcome, by the frequent bursts of applause. She was encored in some of the songs; and her person, which is naturally good, was seen, in the course of the evening, to more advantage, as she was less embarrassed in her action. Her sensibility, physical power and science, afford a very flattering prospect to the public. Mr. Horn performed *Arbaces*. This Gentleman has not, and perhaps never can, wholly overcome the peculiarities of his voice; but he sung in a pleasing style, was more than once encored; and his taste and science obtained much merited applause. The performance of *Isaacs* and *Broadhurst* in *Artaban* and *Artaxerxes*, is well known to the public. They acquitted themselves with their usual effect. W. C.

THEATRE DE LA GAITE.

First representation of *Le Mouchoir*, ou l'*Odalisque Volontaire*.

The story of *Lady Mary Wortley Montague* has already furnished the subject of a Vaudeville entitled, *L'Anglaise à Bagdad*, which was performed with the best success in 1812 at the theatre of *La Rue de Chartre*, but which, like many others, has disappeared from the prompter's books, for what reason nobody knows.

The story of *Le Mouchoir* is nearly as follows. The scene is laid at Andrinople, and the young and beautiful *Lady Arthur*, during the absence of her husband, succeeds in introducing herself into the Seraglio, with her maid *Betty* in a provincial dress. The Sultan however, who is informed of this stratagem, resolves to play a trick upon his fair visitor. He receives her with the utmost politeness, belabours with all the gallantry of a Frenchman, and finally throws the handkerchief to her. The imprudent *Lady Arthur* then perceives the danger to which she has exposed herself. How can she avoid the obligation imposed by this handkerchief?

Being informed that his wife is detained in the Seraglio, *Lord Arthur* hastens to demand her liberation. The Sultan declares that he has not seen her, and that he has only received a visit from one *Lady*, by whom he is beloved. Muffled up in a turban and a turkish pelisse *Lord Arthur* finds means to gain an interview with his wife in order to make a trial of her fidelity; the Sultan, on the other hand, having procured an English dress, carries off *Lady Arthur* who mistakes him for her husband. At

length the *imbroglio* is cleared up; and each resumes his own character. *Achmet*, who is a model of gallantry, declares himself highly pleased that *Lady Arthur's* curiosity should have been the means of making him acquainted with an amiable woman, distinguished for her talents, and assures my Lord that he shall always be well received at his court.

This piece which affords a faithful picture of Turkish manners, is the production of Mr. Louis, who was some time ago attached to a diplomatic department. We suspect he was never charged with a mission to the Sublime Porte.

POLITICS.

THE PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN now drawing rapidly towards a close, much of the time of both Houses has been occupied with the usual routine business; yet not to the exclusion of other important matter. The Habeas Suspension, being carried through the lower House as we anticipated in our last number, has also passed the HOUSE OF LORDS, and actually received the Royal assent on the same evening. This, we believe, is an unprecedented occurrence in parliamentary history; but the fact is that had the assent been delayed until the following day, the former act would have expired and left, or might have been contended to have left, a species of interregnum which must have liberated all those detained under its enactment. The upper House has made great progress in the Bill for abolition of sinecures, brought in under ministerial influence; but it has been much objected to by a leading member on the opposite side who contends that it will tend seriously to diminish the salutary and constitutional influence of the Crown, which he considers as much more limited, at present, in parliament, than at any former period. The Noble Lord, *Lauderdale*, also maintained that parliamentary influence has of late years much decreased—that no less than seventy-two sitting places have been abrogated in the present reign—and that in WALPOLE'S time, there were 118 more parliamentary places than at present! Let the advocates for *Sweeping Reform* then learn from his Lordship that the last fifty years have given more power to the popular branch of the constitution, and taken more from the crown, and that too with more safety, than any proposed plan, short of a revolution, could possibly have done! Truth will thus ever find its way—as friends of the people we hail it from whatever side of the house it may come—but we trust that ministers will not, in pursuit of vain popularity, sanction any measure that may positively lead to the consequences deprecated by the Noble Peer in question.

The Clergy residence Bill is also proceeding rapidly through its various stages. It is a subject on which we could cheerfully dilate far beyond our limits. Much, much indeed is wanted for the due support of the Established Church—more clergymen in large parishes—more churches for an increasing population—and, above all, particularly in the metropolis, greater facilities to strangers for accommodation, instead of finding empty pews locked up, and being forced either to stand in the aisle, or pay a tax to an uncivil pew-opener.

The business of the HOUSE OF COMMONS has been unhappily checked in the *finance* department, by the lamented illness of Mr. PONSONBY, and by the indisposition of Mr. TIERNEY—circumstances to which the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has deferred, by postponing the promised resolutions. It is fortunate for the Empire that even such important subjects can safely wait on circumstances; but it is not with less regret that we lament the causes of such delay. In the mean time, another *finance* report has been laid before the House, principally on naval affairs. It is moderate, yet cheering; recommends further exertion in our dock-yards in keeping up the largest classes of ships in each rate; and more especially points out the necessity of abolishing the invidious distinctions of war and peace salaries to the Secretaries of the Admiralty.

Many petitions have recently been presented against the exportation of Cotton-Yarn to the Continent, on the ground of its encouraging cotton-weaving abroad to the exclusion of our own manufactures. But then the question rises, if such yarn were not exported, would it be worked up at home for foreign demand?—If so, then certainly such exportation ought to be stopped, especially of fine yarns, which foreign establishments cannot equal. But that fact is doubtful, and the whole affair requires much investigation.

Considerable attention has been excited, both in and out of doors, by petitions from EVANS, one of the State Prisoners. Most certainly the great object of the Suspension Bill is *prevention*, not *punishment*; but confinement must always, and in a great degree, act in the latter sense, so that, indubitably, every relief, every indulgence consistent with security, ought to be extended to those who suffer under it. Such, notwithstanding the loudly excited clamour, really seems to be the wish of ministers; yet subordinate officers require a watchful eye over them. Parliamentary Inquiry therefore is both useful and essential; but then the more oppressive to the

incarcerated must be all petitions which turn out to be palpable misrepresentations, since they disgust all parties and shut the door to relief where it is perhaps absolutely required.

The *Cause of Literature* has been before the House during the passing week, on a motion of SIR E. BRYDGES, for an account of what is done with the books demanded by Learned Institutions. If it be a fact that in many instances, works thus demanded under an Act of Parliament, are actually turned to waste, the case imperatively demands redress; since not only authors and publishers, but even the cause of literature itself, are robbed of their just rights through the culpable inattention of superiors, or the ignorance and interested motives of official deputies. In FOREIGN POLITICS the week has glided over without either event or anticipation.

VARIETIES.

THEORIES OF THE EARTH.—Many of the fanciful theories of our globe, founded upon false conclusions drawn from the repeated discovery of fresh water shells and marine shells being found together in the same strata, are likely to be set at naught by an experiment of Mr. Bendant, at Marseilles, from whence it results that fresh water or marine molluscs will live in either medium, if habituated to it gradually; but with some few exceptions.

Dr. Pariset and M. Michel Berr lately terminated their courses, the one on *Human understanding*, and the other on *German literature*. Each of these remarkable sittings were attended by a numerous and brilliant audience. The friend, the disciple and competitor of *Cabanis* and *Fourcroy*, received those testimonials of real admiration which are justly due to the extent and variety of his knowledge, as well as the brilliant facility of his elocution. M. Michel Berr was listened to with the most lively interest; his lecture would have deserved unlimited commendation, had it not been for the extreme precipitation of his delivery, which in some measure destroys the effect of his excellent dissertations. The parallel which he drew between the Lyric Poetry of the Germans and that of other nations ancient as well as modern; and his investigation of the causes which have prevented Lyric Poetry from attaining, in France, the same degree of perfection as other branches of literature and poetry, were as just as ingenious. M. Berr is of opinion that the constant residence of poets in a capital enriched with numerous master-pieces of Art, and surrounded with all the refinements of the highest degree of civilization, is favorable to taste, education and elegance, but essentially tends to confine imagination, enthusiasm and originality. The developments which he gave to this opinion deprived it of all paradoxical colouring. The last lecture of Dr. Pariset was on metaphysics and general grammar.

ANECDOTE OF BUONAPARTE.—Buonaparte, seeing an English book, with (to him) the attractive title of "Amusements in Retirement," at the house of Mr. Balcombe, asked one of the Miss Balcombes to lend it to him. Mr. Balcombe, knowing that it contained several passages which might irritate the already over-charged feelings of the Ex-Emperor, told him, that "it was really not worth his attention, or he would lend it to him with pleasure." Buonaparte, however, replying, that in all matters of literature he loved to judge for himself, took it with him to Longwood. When he saw Mr. Balcombe again, he exclaimed, "I have managed to make out part of the book, you said was not worth reading, the other day. I wish, by the flight of the eagle, (*a favorite expression of his*) that I could have the author of that book but once fairly in my power. I would inflict such a revenge upon him, as the world would never forget;"—"and what sort of revenge would that be?" enquired Miss Balcombe, who stood near. "Why, I would soon convince him," returned the Emperor, "that he had formed a wrong and cruel estimate of myself; and by one of the best possible arguments, viz. that of forgiving one insupportable mistake, in compliment to the many beautiful truths his book contains."

This anecdote has been communicated to us by a Lady who sent the work to her friend at St. Helena.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An Academy, in some measure similar to our Society for the Encouragement of Arts, has been recently established at Vienna; it is endowed by the Emperor with his grand collection of Natural History, and likewise possesses an extensive chemical and philosophical laboratory, together with models and specimens of machinery, &c. The Austrians hope by its means to improve their manufactures and to become independent of foreign industry. The design is patriotic, and we wish them success; but of this we are certain, that as foreign nations become rich by means of manufacture, so will a new class start up for the purchase of British manufactures. A country, *merely agricultural*, is never a very good customer!

The Germans are now actively and philanthropically employed in the advancement of Classical Literature; an Academy for *Modern Greeks*—not a *black leg Academy* such as may be found nearer home—but a College or Athenaeum, where knowledge may be acquired by that degraded class of men, natives of a country once famed for liberty and science. The College is at Munich.

A German Paper states that Professor Garret, who is now at Coblenz, has declined the situation of Secretary to the Academy of Fine Arts at Stuttgart, in order to accept the more advantageous offers made to him by the Prussian Government, from which he has obtained permission to resume the publication of his *Rheinisch Mercury*.

ERRATUM IN No. XXIII.

P. 366. Last line notes, for *Grandiaque* read *Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris*.